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Notes of the Week

WE have been going through a course of the Socialist periodicals lately. The literary composition of most of them may at once be acknowledged to be excellent. It is the greatest error possible to despise a foe. The papers have literary merit, and from this a lesson can be drawn. The classes to whom these papers mostly appeal are not sunk in ignorance, are not devoid of the desire to improve themselves. The Socialist who caters for them puts before them well-written and well-reasoned articles. Of course, the basis may be wholly fallacious, but the vehicle is a worthy one. How do the anti-Socialist organs think these classes should be approached? Surely they provide a very different class of literature, composed largely of claptrap expressed in very poor English. If the Socialists can reach the classes for whom they write with articles which attain to a high literary standard, is it not in the light of an insult on the part of the anti-Socialist propaganda to approach these same classes with ill-written articles savouring of the vulgarities of election posters?

During the last week a great difference in tone has been observable in the utterances of Labour leaders and also of the Socialist Press. There is no doubt that

they realise that they have made a huge mistake, which will cripple their activities for some time to come. It may be and it is perfectly true that the miners will in appearance at all events derive some benefit from the stoppage which has occurred. Unfortunately, however, the agitator largely misleads his clients. An immediate appeal to greed is what he thinks pays—at all events so far as he is concerned. It is no part of his business to point out that additional burdens on enterprise tend directly to unemployment. To meet new exigencies it will be necessary to scrap the aged or comparatively inexpert workman, and in the case of the many collieries which are almost worked out, or which produce a very small margin of profit, thousands of men may be thrown out of employment, because new conditions render it unprofitable to continue to work them. A few weeks ago Labour leaders and Labour papers were clothing "feigned zeal in rage, in fire, in fury." Now speeches and articles are unexceptionable for their statesmanlike tone and moderating counsels. How this Niobe differs from that Niobe!

The epidemic of window-smashing which has recently prevailed in London has brought many comments and suggestions from various quarters as to the best method of dealing with the "ladies" who imagine that they assert their independence and equality by such tactics. Among them that of the revival of the old-time ducking-stool is, perhaps, the best. A convenient pond, with a charge for admission to the ceremony—what could better be calculated to cool the mad imaginations of the stone and hammer brigade? And, as a correspondent sarcastically remarks, the sixpences charged "to view" would soon pay for the broken windows. Meanwhile, up to the time of our going to press, a certain fair lady still eludes the attentions of the police—surely so many gallant men never before were rivals for a lady's hand?—and thereby chooses the better part.

Mr. John Lane, in the last number of "The Bodleian," discourses upon the subject of booksellers and publishers, quoting Horace Smith's dictum to the effect that, "were there no readers, there certainly would be no writers," and carries the idea further by remarking that, "without booksellers, there would have been no market for books." We have travelled far in matters literary since the days when a publisher was a bookseller, when the two terms were practically interchangeable—so far, indeed, that it takes a very acute bookseller to determine accurately what is and what is not "good stock." When the name of an author is unfamiliar, he has to depend on the reputation of the publisher, and the whole trade is hedged about by difficulties, especially now that the cheap reprint and the cheap novel have flooded the market. Mr. Lane points out that the prospective purchaser, failing in his quest at one shop, will not "keep on trying all the shops in the town," and here is a problem for both publisher and bookseller which we dare not attempt, interested though we may be, to solve.

Capitulation

As the Hebrew captain thrice did go
About the walls of Jericho,
Blowing each time a trumpet call
So that the high-heaped stones might fall,
So I, with ceremony due,
Levelled against the heart of you
Two songs I sang and watched to see
Opened thereby a breach for me;
Twice I used all my singing craft,
And watched, and waited—and you laughed.
I would not stay to sing a third;
I doubted if your heart had heard
The other song, more sweet than these,
Concealed within their melodies.
And yet . . . perhaps some after-tone,
From the forgotten lute-string blown,
Sang in your heart, and still sang on
For half a year, while I was gone.
And not o'er levelled walls I went
To kiss the dear capitulant,
But through a door herself unbarred
I went, to be her latest guard.

RICHARD BUXTON.

The Centenary of Berthold Auerbach

THE centenary, on Wednesday, February 28, of the birth of Berthold Auerbach, the foremost imaginative writer in the Germany of his day, ought not to pass without notice in this country, where much of his best work, by means of translation, has been rendered available for the enjoyment of English readers. Auerbach has been dead just thirty years: during the last part of his life his strength was diminished by ill-health and trouble, and his literary output came to an end some time before the close of his career. Thus almost half a century has elapsed since the heyday of Auerbach's power, a period sufficiently long to test the permanence of an author's work. Auerbach has sustained that test satisfactorily, and his series of "Village Tales" from the Black Forest have succeeded in passing the jealously guarded portals of the classics.

These "Village Tales" give a marvellously photographic picture of the people to whom they relate. In this work Auerbach may fitly be compared with the Dutch genre-painters, so true are they all to the life of the people. Auerbach's stories present as a rule very simple and ordinary incidents of village life in the Schwarzwald; his personages are those who in his day might be met in his native village or any of its neigh-

bours. Anyone could relate the incidents of which his stories are composed, but only the genius of Auerbach could attach such deep significance to the scenes of humble life, the every-day occurrences, and the unassuming people of whom he wrote; he alone in those days possessed the poetic insight coupled with exceptional literary style which could invest apparently ordinary people and incidents with entrancing interest for the reader. He was able to grasp inner character as well as outward form; thus his "Village Tales," though they attracted their readers as exquisite idylls of German country life, rose far above the level of mere sketches of manners and customs to that of poetic creations dealing with the universal truths of human nature. These Tales combined humour with pathos, minute observation with profound reflection on the problems of life, and all these qualities were clothed in a literary style which was the envy of his contemporaries.

The first series of these stories immediately secured for Auerbach a place in the forefront of contemporary German literature. The Tales were translated into most European languages, and their author at once found himself a writer with a universal reputation. "The Village Tales of the Schwarzwald" (1843) was not the first of his publications; he had already published several biographical studies, and above all had written a philosophical biography of the author who had wielded and continued to wield the greatest influence over his thoughts—the lens-polishing philosopher, Spinoza, whose works Auerbach had also translated into German. With his reputation firmly established, he essayed other forms of literature. He wrote plays and novels of ordinary modern life, but in neither was he as successful as in the Tales of the Villages, to which he afterwards returned. It is on these, on his "Village Tales of the Schwarzwald," his "Little Barefoot," his "Joseph in the Snow," his "Edelweiss," and his "After Thirty Years," that his well-founded reputation rests and will continue to rest so long as the language in which he wrote remains a living tongue.

Auerbach was ever a fervent patriot and lover of his country. In his student days he had suffered imprisonment at the hands of the despotic Government by which Baden was then enthralled. In later years, after the era of Liberalism had dawned, he was high in favour of the Government of the same Grand Duchy, and during the period which culminated in the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War he devoted his pen to the furtherance of the interests of his country. He was a loyal and ardent son of his Fatherland, as well as one of its literary glories; yet not all his services to Germany availed when in the early 'eighties the Empire was swept by the hurricane of Anti-Semitic hatred. Auerbach, like many another devoted son of his Fatherland, was denounced as "a foreigner without any share or interest in anything German," merely on account of his Jewish birth. His health had already been undermined; the ingratitude of the Anti-Semitic onslaught sank into his soul, and he died at Cannes within less than a month of his seventieth birthday.

The Art of the So-called Futurists

By HALDANE MACFALL.

THE public flock to Sackville Street these days—to giggle, 'tis true; but they flock. Even such as hailed the bastard art of so-called Post-Impressionism are here wreathed in mockery of smiles; yet the fatuously called Futurists are nearer the essence of art, spite of their many failings—failings due to the primal-academism of the Post-Impressionists—whilst their good qualities are their own.

The "Futurists" issue a proclamation; much of that proclamation is not original—even Nietzsche is borrowed. Much is embarrassingly what I have been preaching and practising in the wilderness these close on twenty years. Their manifesto gives March 18, 1910, as their great day of revelation—their "Battle of Turin." They fill their creed with contradictions at every hand that rebut a certain fine essential basis of art; but we are coming to that.

First, let us take the "multi-coloured manifests" that a group of these men flung from the clocktower in Venice. To destroy the old Venice is not to create the new. Art is the utterance of Life; not the act of death. To create is vitality; it is death that destroys.

But let us to our "muttons." Art is the act of the artist in communicating to his fellows his impressions as received through the senses. It is that—all that—and nothing but that. It has no relation to science or logic or reason—these things may be in it or not be in it, but they have no necessity in it. The artist sees, smells, tastes a peach; why the peach is round, or the like, has nothing to do with him. In looking at a work of art—in a painting, which is the art of vision—we have only one question to answer: *Has the artist conveyed to our intelligence through our sense of vision, and through vision alone, the impression he essayed to arouse?* If he has, then he is a true artist; if he has done it with compelling power, he is a great artist. The question whether "we want it," or "like it," or "don't want it," or whether it be "beautiful" or "ugly" or "moral" or "immoral," has nothing to do with art. The sole foundation of it as a work of art is whether it conveys to us the impression essayed by the creator of it. All art answers this question; all that is not art does not answer it. The means by which it is done is no question of art, but of craftsmanship. It is the right of the artist to use any means in his power that will compel the impression into our sense of vision.

Let us see how far the "Futurists" answer this trial; in what they win to art, in what they fail to win. For, mark you, as a lad I saw these crowds stand and giggle at the art of Whistler, and there were Academicians, and nearly all the critics amongst them, just as they are giggling to-day! All that proves nothing, one way or the other.

These men have made a deadly blunder in calling themselves by the fatuous name of Futurists. The art of painting has nothing to do with the future—the

future is hidden from the eye, and the art of painting can only reach the intelligence through the vision. The art of painting has nothing to do with the past—since the past is also outside the ken of vision. But we must not judge sincerity as folly because it wears the cap flung to it by fools. Let us come down to the fact that at least they realise that art through the vision cannot create the past—that, at least, is a greatly significant fact that shall stand to them for righteousness. In that alone they stand rid of the blight of academism; and thereby rid of death.

These men have grasped two great facts in the art of painting—one is that art must interpret life; the other is that the gamut of the instrument of painting to-day is so vast, so far beyond the instrument within the reach of the old masters, that colour can now be employed as colour orchestration—in other words, that harmonies of colour must be used like music to utter the impression desired; for instance, the fierce passion of a revolt requires great tragic harmonies, quite different from the gentle mood of a Marriage Feast.

Let us glance at the achievement of these men in these, their two stronger qualities.

Letting all else go for awhile, it must strike the most ordinary observer, whether he scoff or praise, that every one of these men is feverishly concerned with life. I do not say that any one of them is as yet a man of genius—we are coming to that—but I point out what is obvious, that every man of them is concerning himself with life. The ordinary skilled painter is remarkable for his skill of hand—only too often as remarkable for his poverty of vital interest. We stand and wonder why he does not sing of some vital thing; compose some big epic or drama of life; see life whole—wonder why his sense of life is so tame. With these Italians there is, baulked and hesitant and clumsy enough in expression—for reasons I will presently try to explain—a marked grip of passion, of its kind. Before we glance at the reason for its somewhat halting utterance, let us survey their other fine quality, their grip of colour-orchestration.

Again letting all else go for awhile, a remarkable quality in these men is their command of colour. In the work of Severini, in particular, the orchestration of colour is marvellous. I am treating now simply the pure musical effect of colour, so remarkably free from the dingy, low tones of most old art. It is, therefore, astounding to me that some of these men—above all that Severini—should not have discovered that art and science can only live together in adultery. I should have thought that his innate instinct for colour would have kept him from baulking the musical utterance of his impression by using little mathematical dots, and putting them into scientific triangles and cubes and the like falsities. One might as well confine the volume of sound in an orchestra to the sharp, staccato tick-tack of piano notes. One might as well deny the splendour of the sustained notes of violins and 'cellos and wood and brass—for line answers to the sustained note. And the day that Severini and his fellows—above all Severini—get rid

of science and create pure art, the day that Severini flings science and geometry into the gutter and lets himself go with the sustained notes of line added to his colour, he will increase his art by enormous strides. The whole cube and triangle and round-spot business is rotten from roof to gutter; and the moment that these men realise this falsity, they will utter a remarkable art, for many fine gifts of artistic vision are already theirs. Rhythm can never express itself in cubes and triangles; and these men are concerned with the highest dramatic intention—passion. There is the thrill of it, curbed and baffled and imprisoned, behind this falsity of science. It will one day burst into song. They are all men of talent, but require understanding and courage to become men of genius.

It is the basic intention of art to reveal, not to baffle or conceal. Art exists as a revelation, and only as a revelation. The senses are far higher than the Reason; the passions are far more vital than the mere Reason. All that is great and noble in life is the result of great and noble passion. To reveal the emotions of life is the supreme and sublime act of art.

The manifestos of these men prove that they have come to considerable grips with this compelling truth; they also prove that they have not come to grips with the futility of dragging science into the significance. Another heavy fault lies as hindrance across their fulfilment: The art of vision can only be defiled by dragging in the assistance of other arts such as literature—other arts debase the vitality of the art of vision just as sadly as do Science or Reason or Mathematics or Geometry. Every man of this brilliant brotherhood pleads guilty to this adulteration of his art, since every one needs a literary description of the intention of his picture. Yet his literary description gives us the accusation by which each picture shall be tried; and scarce one achieves the impression desired—almost inevitably, as may be seen, owing to the baulking of that impression by science. Let us survey them.

The finest achievement in colour is what everyone seems to call the Patch-Work Quilt. This large "Pan-Pan Dance at the Monico" is a superb arrangement in colour. Unfortunately the size of the room prevents one from focussing these paintings—every manager of capacity in London seems to be afflicted with small galleries—but even across the narrow room one can realise the splendour and vitality of the colour-orchestration of Severini. The decorative effect on a wall would be gay and glowing; the purity of colour is orchestral; but Severini baulks the splendour of it all with the triangular and arbitrary snick-snack of its patches, through which, in spite of its stammering utterance, it is wonderful that he should have got as much rhythm even as is suggested. There has been much laughter about these painters trying to paint such sensations as those of "The Jolting Cab," by Carra, and his "What I was Told by a Tramcar"; but these emotions are quite within the reach of the painter if he confine himself to the impressions as roused in his vision, and not in any other of his senses. It so happens that Carra

has wilfully distorted them by confusion with sensations outside vision; and has further bemuddled them by trying to combine what other people feel, whereas it is the basic significance of art that he shall say, and can only with truth express, what he himself has felt—and through the sense of vision alone. But to sneer at him for essaying to express what his eyes have sensed is the act of dullards. Our sole concern is whether he has conveyed to us with convincing power what his eyes have experienced; and that essay is far higher in art than to paint a radish in a soup-tureen, because Franz Hals could paint a codfish or Raphael an orange.

The school claims to paint action and violence; and they are absolutely within their right. But they have not the right to paint it except caught on the wing. A painting, from its very conditions, cannot represent sustained movement—the brush cannot give a prolonged act, nor the canvas hold it. And the most feverish desire of one or two of these painters to break through the obvious limitations of their instrument but confirms the fact by their utter failure to do so. With literature, which is a sustained and prolonged art, it is just the reverse—indeed, it is impossible to get the instant poetic utterance of the painter.

The idea of seeing objects through people is again false vision, and therefore bad art. Art is not Röntgen photography. Again, the combining of a group of men to employ the same tricks of thumb or methods is utter academism—academism being the negation of all art, since it is the attempt to see life as one thinks that others see it, not as one sees it oneself. Personality is an absolute essential of all artistic utterance.

Again, the objects of Nature are the forms by which art utters itself, since by them alone can the artist communicate what his eyes have seen. The flame of the life of man cannot be except through the lamp of his body. And the moment the artist begins to invent symbols to represent what the objects of Nature should be, he stands confessed a failure and a mediocrity, for he is trying to drag in the reason to explain what his art should have the instinct and skill to utter. It will be seen, therefore, that the blemishes of the school are its inability to keep within the realm of vision. But these weaknesses may disappear; and the sense of passion, the vitality, the remarkable colour-orchestration, the feeling for action, the lyrical gifts, must compel the whole school to realise that cubism and triangulation baulk rhythm and destroy that orchestration of which there is much remarkable promise. They must shed the poets and the journalists, and burst into song as painters. They have at least ceased to look back. They are full of ridiculous literary pseudo-philosophy, but no worse than the old men. They have to learn that art hymns life, not death. And they should cease from writing cheap literature and scribbling cheap ideas, and give themselves wholly to the glorification of the life instincts, not of the death-dealing negations of life. Museums are cemeteries. Leave the dead to bury their dead. To wish to destroy all past art is fool's talk. I am the last man to be suspected of harbouring reverence for

the academies; but the art of the past uttered the past in consummate fashion. Let the art of to-day utter our age. I have hammered upon that for many a long year before the "Battle of Turin" of March 18, 1910. But if "art can be naught but violence, cruelty, and injustice," then to the devil with the whole ridiculous business.

The Miracle of Five Hundred Years Ago.—II

By FRANK HARRIS.

IT now remained for Jeanne to crown the Dauphin in Rheims. Flaming still with eagerness, she turned, and took Jargeau, Beaugency, Meung, and, as the crowning glory, gained the great battle of Patay. Not for a hundred years had the English been beaten by the French on a fair field.

But the opposition increased with Jeanne's success, envy and hatred seething about her feet. She had the politicians against her always, the time-servers La Trémouille and Regnault de Chartres. They slandered her from morning till night, and scoffed at her pretensions, and at length decided the King not to follow her to Rheims. As usual, Jeanne at this check spent the night on her knees. What was she to do? What should she do? What did the voices counsel? At first she prayed in vain. For some time past the visions had not shown themselves clearly to her, the voices had been faint. Once again Jeanne's sincerity conquered. Towards morning Michael himself appeared to her. "You were told to go to Rheims," he said. "Go, then." At break of day she mounted her horse, unfurled her standard, and set forth. The people crowded after her, and before noon the King was fain to follow humbly enough. His army soon swelled to twelve thousand men, and on the way they took Troyes and Châlons almost without striking a blow.

On July 17, Charles VII was crowned king in the great cathedral at Rheims. The standard of Jeanne was the only one unfurled before the altar. "After going through the danger," she said, "the least one can do it is to allow it to share in the honour."

In these golden summer days Soissons, Vitry, Epernay, Laon, Montmirail, Provins, and a dozen other strong places caught fire from Jeanne's enthusiasm and returned to their allegiance. The Duke of Lorraine tendered his submission to the King. The campaign was over—the miracle of miracles accomplished. In less than six months a girl of seventeen, without friends or help, had freed France from the English.

Let us pause here for a moment to ask: What was the secret of Jeanne's success? What gave her that mysterious irresistible influence over rude warriors depressed and embittered by continual defeats, and over wily, ambitious churchmen, all sour with suspicion of this absurd girl-rival? The secret of her strength was that she had lived much in soul-communion with God. There is no other way of winning influence over men. For years she had thought of what was right and just, and

talked with heavenly ministers, and when she came among men she spoke with singular authority, for her lips were still hot with the divine fire.

Her mission ended, Jeanne begged the King to allow her to return to Domremy. Her work was done, she said. But the King would not have it. He appealed to her: Would she abandon him now, with the victory half completed? Paris was still in Burgundian hands. Jeanne insisted that her work was done. The Dauphin would not be refused. The appeal to the woman to give still was irresistible. Jeanne stayed with her King. She "knew" that it would cost her her life. At once the angel voices left her. Indeed, it appeared as if the powers that upheld her had now deserted her. She failed in her attacks on Paris, and was made a prisoner at Compiègne on May 24, 1430, and a little later was sold to the English, who took her as a prisoner to Rouen.

The passion of the noblest woman in the world lasted for a whole year. The Bishop of Beauvais, Cauchon, was the president of the infamous tribunal which spent ten months in seeking to condemn a girl to death and dishonour a saint. He had promised his English paymasters a "good outcome."

On April 13, Jeanne was made to hear her accusation, which consisted of a dozen articles. She was possessed of devils, was a witch, a liar, blasphemous, thirsting for human blood, a murderess, an impious idolatress, a schismatic; they even went so far as to charge her with filial impiety. She was declared, too, to have "relapsed," because, by taking away her woman's garments, they had compelled her to clothe herself in men's clothes which they left in the cell for her.

On May 30, 1431, she was delivered over by the priests to the executioners and burnt on the public place. As they tied her to the stake she cried to Cauchon: "It is through you that I am brought to death!" Desiring to make his infamy as complete as possible, Cauchon on the morrow paid men to throw her ashes into the Seine.

So Jeanne died in the third year of her great adventure, before she was twenty years of age.

Now, what is the lesson of her life to us, the meaning of her failure? The tragedy of Jeanne's life is just as simple as the secret of her success. The virtue she had amassed in those hours of solitary communion with the Archangel Michael and with Saint Catherine in Domremy carried her irresistibly to her achievement; but no one lives in the world without paying the world's price, or among men and women without being affected by common views and common desires. Gradually Jeanne's stock of primitive virtue wore away. After Rheims she ought to have returned to Domremy, and in solitary communion with the Highest again filled her soul with the perfume of the Ineffable. Had she done so, she would have been the greatest of the Christian saints, dowered with the gentleness of Francis and with more than the courage of Dominic: as simply human as St. Elizabeth, as devoted as St. Teresa, she would have enlarged our conception of the possibilities of womanhood.

That was not to be. Jeanne was to make mistakes like other mortals, and like others she was to fall short of the highest, and to be punished finally, not for her shortcomings, but for her glorious achievement. So in that public square at Rouen, where all the fiends of the Pit seemed loosed against her in hootings and hellish laughter, the brave woman-soul went again to God, and the mortal put on immortality.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS Some Uses of Reverence

By ARTHUR MACHEN.

"**H**E must have been one of the sunniest men that ever lived."

I will not say Who it was to whom this cheery commendation was addressed; I do not dare to say, lest it be forced on me at last that the only reverence in the world has taken refuge with atheists and painting men, and vagrant poets and strolling players. As to whom, by the way, there is extant this moving story.

There were two of them in the dressing-room. The call-boy had been upstairs and along the landing with his thrilling shout: "Quarter-of-an-hour, gentlemen, please," and time was growing short. One of the players, a lean, nervous, choleric man, was late and in a terrific fuss. He could not find his "props," his "three-and-a-half" and "blue liner" were mysteriously astray. He began, like Peter, to curse and to swear, using language which would make the hair of ACADEMY readers to stand on end. Unmoved, the other actor, the fat man, drew on his tights, adjusted his wig, painted over the join, fixed with spirit-gum beard and moustache; to him the torrent of foul talk was but as the rippling of the brook through the still wood. At last, maddened with nerves and flurry and fuss and the shout: "Overture and beginners gentlemen, please," the lean player began to mix holy names with his foul, exuberant imprecations. Then his brother turned: "Dear old chap," he said, "I don't mind 'blank,' or 'dash,' or 'dash blank,' or 'blank, blank dash'"—these, be it remarked, were the words of truly foul and hideous import that the testy actor had used—"but" (and he pointed a solemn finger to the flies and to the skies), "nunty His Nibs!"

Let me translate. "Nunty"—sometimes "nanty"—is a corruption of the Italian "niente," and the phrase may be taken to mean in gross, "leave the governor out of it." And I say indeed that there was more reverence, more true awe of the unseen in this greasy and profane dressing-room than in the holy place where I was told last Sunday that, "He must have been one of the sunniest men that ever lived."

For the place in which this astounding and horrible sentence was delivered is thus described by the Deacon in one of the Liturgies of the East:—

From everlasting to everlasting: the Altar is fire in fire: fire surrounds it: let Priests beware of the

terrible and tremendous fire, lest they fall into it, and be burnt for ever.

All the symbols of the awful, tremendous mystery in which we were engaged were visibly and sensibly presented to us. On that altar and before it the flame of the tapers burned, symbolising the presence of a Light greater than that of the sun at noonday; the pale sweet smoke of the incense had floated in the air as the priest went about the holy place, mystically signifying that here was no longer common, unblest earth and stone and wood, but heaven descended, and fleshly things sublimed and lifted up into the state of Paradise, and the air of our contamination and mortality perfumed and transmuted by the prayers of the saints, and the ministry of the heavenly choir, and the blood and torments of the martyrs, and of all those who from the beginning have despised the spirit of their age and the Prince of this world. The high service proceeded with its whispers and its hints of things ineffable, of that eternal beauty which glows behind all the dim veil of the visible universe, and, above all, of one great life and of one deed of almost incredible marvel which had bridged the great abyss, which had set up a ladder between these poor and sorrowful and anguished and squalid depths of ours and that high heaven which is at the root of every man's desire. We had in the Creed made our profession of belief in the invasion and redemption of our mortal world by the world of transcendence, and then the man in the surplice lifted himself up in the pulpit and told us, amongst much matter which was of more than doubtful use and profit, that "He must have been one of the sunniest men that ever lived."

Now, I am not going to be theological. On and off I have defended the Faith in these ACADEMY pages for the last five years, speaking in and out of season. And I find, not with much surprise, that my brethren and fathers in the English Church, do not see the point of it at all. Now and again I receive a letter and a prayer from some Roman Catholic priest (utterly unknown to me), whose work is in the middle west of America or by obscure shores of the Pacific Sea; these, it seems, understand what I mean and approve; though I make no secret of the fact that I am not *addictus jurare in verba magistri magni, Pontificis Romani*.

But from the "orthodox" Anglican I hear nothing; he is too busy—in determining the exact date of the introduction of the surplice and in pretending that the Reformation didn't happen—to bother about religion. Besides, a great number of my Anglican friends—apt as ever to acquire the vile dregs and poisons that good Romans long to purge away from their Church—are looking forward to the day when it will be possible to employ incense and tapers after the exact use of the ancient and glorious Church of Sarum without priest, deacon, sub-deacon, servers or congregation being pledged to a belief in anything whatever. I cannot share in these high dreams; so I cannot speak to these persons, and I have no right to address the members of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. So,

as I say, I shall have nothing to do with this preacher from the strictly theological point of view. Let him be; he meant well—as the poet means well who writes doggerel that is neither sound nor sense; as the painter means well who depicts the little girl, and the fox-terrier, and the kitten; as the politician means well as he sits in his study and thinks how votes are to be obtained by a further sacrifice of law-abiding, innocent, and poor men to violent ruffians and the throwers of stones, both male and female.

I protest, then, not as a theologian, but as an artist; and I would define artist *pro hac vice*, not as a creator of beauty, but as one who loves beauty in all the whole of the wonderful ways of life, who strives to discern it in the highest things and in the lowest things, and discerning, to adore it, and, adoring it, to be penetrated by it and to feed on it.

To such a one, I take it, where there is beauty even in the smallest degree, there is nothing common or unclean. He is attentive above all to God in the highest, as the source of all beauty and of every perfection and splendour of the visible world; but man's eyes here below cannot always be directed to the bright glory of the sun in his majesty. He must often be content to catch half lights and broken colours of the supreme loveliness in the little flower in the cranny of the wall; he must see it in the curve of great rounded hills; it must be sung to him by the voice of a lonely brook rippling and shining in a lonely valley. A shadow of the perfect vision appears amidst the shadows of an ancient wood; it glows radiant from the symbols of the old painters; it is heard in the hallowed line of true poetry; it surges through the harmonies and cadences of mighty prose.

Ah! and does not the concealed light of this ever-present beauty burn in things still commoner—according to our customary estimate? The station brook babbled out of Paradise in Mr. Masfield's poem; but through the ages up to those recent years not only the works of God, but all the works of man, even to the humblest, bore on their faces some dim lineaments of their eternal splendid source. Not only the flower in the wall, but the very wall itself, had its grace and its mystery; it guarded not only the Squire's walled garden, but also *παράδεισος*.

There were days when the thatched cottage was as fitly in its place and for its purpose as the king's palace; when the tavern seemed but a far-off echo of the cathedral. There are foolish people who say now that there are no sacraments, because every meal is a sacrament. And, indeed, this was once true in a sense: when the high sacraments were discerned and adored men could not eat and drink together in amity and good fellowship without some high grace and glory falling on them from the far-off painted window above the altar.

So I say it is for the artist to see the beams of this glory everywhere; not to forget that in every stone there probably is a high sacrament and a great mystery; and hence, and in accordance with a general rule, to protest with all his might against those who would turn his gold to dross. And there is no subtler, no deadlier

way of doing that than by introducing into the highest sphere the laws and conventions of the lower sphere. Let us conceive ourselves before a Turner picture listening to a person connected with the Woods and Forests proving the solitary pine to be an eminently healthy pine, planted in the soil with exactly the right chemical constituents. Let us read Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur" and be instructed how Lyonesse probably refers to the Scilly Islands. Let us listen to some great music and be told about sound-waves. These are but feeble illustrations of the horrid sense of incongruity and desolation that the words at the head of this article produced in the soul of one listener at all events.

Spelling and Sophistry: Who Are the Sophists?

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

THE article on "Spelling and Sophistry" in THE ACADEMY of March 9 is one of the most reasonable arguments for unreason that have come under my notice. It would be very cogent indeed if the Simplified Spelling Society proposed that the adult generation of the present day should forthwith alter its spelling, and if the interests of that generation were alone to be considered. Unfortunately for the argument, neither of these assumptions is true. "In our heart of hearts," says the writer, "we dislike the prospect of reforming our spelling for the same reason that we dislike getting out of a warm bed on a cold winter morning: because it means exchanging a condition of perfect comfort for one of extreme discomfort." This is a very candid statement of the writer's very natural frame of mind; the only trouble is that, as a parable of the existing situation, it is quite irrelevant. We are not asking this writer, or anyone else of a slugged disposition, to tear himself away from the cosy couch of habit, and plunge into the cold tub of reason. We do not hope, and do not particularly desire, to alter the spelling of this generation. Many people, we find, take pleasure in using the new spelling, simply because they prefer a good tool to a bad one. Such support we welcome, inasmuch as it spreads the knowledge of the movement, and helps to awaken the public mind. But we do not attach any extravagant value to it. It is not the practice of this generation that matters. What we have to do is to stimulate thought among intelligent people, and help them to realise the folly and cruelty of hanging their own quite natural prejudices like a millstone around the necks of all coming generations of English-speaking children. Whether this writer does or does not choose to get out of bed is perfectly indifferent to us, if only he will open his mind to the importance of making it comparatively easy for his children, or at any rate his grandchildren, to get into bed. He has perhaps forgotten how he tossed and tumbled through several years of his childhood before

he reached that condition of comfort to which he now clings so tenaciously. Possibly if he was brought up in a literate home, and had a quick visual memory, his period of acute discomfort was comparatively short. But, for the average English-speaking child, spelling is an apple-pie bed of the worst sort, full of ingenious and complex torments. It is true that in time "our very torments do become our elements," and that is the happy condition which our sluggard friends have reached. But the fact that some of us have become inured to disabling and time-wasting (that is, life-wasting) discomforts is surely a poor reason for obstinately imposing them on the whole English-speaking race for ever and ever.

The writer's criticisms of our system are not without ingenuity; but they, too, leave us comparatively indifferent. Our system does not profess to be a final revelation from heaven, but only a temporary means to an end. Before reform can be achieved, it is manifest that the educational authorities of the English-speaking world must agree to sanction the permissive use (at least) of a rational system in schools and in examinations. Before they do so, they will quite certainly hold a conference to determine what system shall be accepted; and the time will then be ripe, no doubt, for the introduction of a much more scientific and elegant notation than ours. We are none of us attached to such forms as *hyuemor*, nor do we believe that they will be final. Our system is only an instrument of propaganda, constructed under two very hampering conditions, to which we deliberately submitted as a matter of policy. We felt that we must accustom the public eye and mind to the idea of rational spelling through the medium of a system which should (a) introduce no new letters or diacritical marks, and should (b) in no case depart so widely from the current value of any particular letter or diagraph as to render it incomprehensible without serious and systematic study. We knew that no conceivable system could hope to escape opposition and ridicule; and we felt that in order to educate the public intelligence we must work with a system which anyone could understand at a glance, even though it should at the outset fill him with abhorrence.

One of the writer's individual criticisms is worth a moment's examination. He says that no advantage is gained by differentiating the voiced from the voiceless sibilant in the plural—by writing *cups* with an *s* and *cubs* with a *z*. If this were proposed as an isolated measure of reform, there would be no particular advantage in it; but the moment you adopt the principle of "one sound, one symbol," it becomes absolutely imperative. A good many members of the S.S.S. have urged the convenience of retaining one invariable symbol for the plural. But what results? You cannot distinguish between the adverb *hens* (hence) and the plural of the domestic fowl, between *fens* (a barrier) and the plural of *fen*, between *plais* (a locality) and the plural of *play*, between a sheep's *flees* and the plural of *flea*—not to mention a hundred other difficulties. Of course, our critic will say, "Well, then, why tamper

with the beautiful arrangement by which, in our current spelling, these differentiations are made by the employment of *ce* for *s*, and by other devices?" Why? I will tell him why—in order that millions and millions of children through untold centuries may not be subjected to the waste of life involved in the useless and mentally harmful process of memorising these futile and inconsistent devices. Of course, if he deliberately prefers to leave the children to their fate, further argument is useless. He had better say so and have done with it. Why make a show of reasoning when your fundamental position is one of deliberate unreason?

As for "the needless inconvenience of considering every time we form a plural whether the word ends in a voiced or an unvoiced consonant," such an argument shows how far we have drifted from the very conception of spelling as the representation of sound. If there is any "inconvenience" in writing *s* when we say *s*, and *z* when we say *z*, it can only be because our ear is so dull as to be actually uncertain which sound we produce. That is a condition which spelling reform will amend—greatly to the advantage of the spoken language.

As to the traces of etymology in spelling, we are told that it is a sophistry to say "the scholar does not need these indications to help him to the pedigree of the words with which he deals, and the ignorant are not helped by them; so that, in either case, they are profitable for nothing." The sophistry, by the way, is Sainte-Beuve's; the answer to it (which, also by the way, is Archbishop Trench's) is:

Most of us are neither perfect scholars nor perfect ignoramus; we are something between the two. There is probably no one so ignorant that he has not learnt something about the words "cupboard" and "forehead" by seeing them spelt in the orthodox way, which he would not have learnt if they were spelt "cubord" and "forid."

Let us consider this argument a little further. If it is of any considerable value that every time we write the word *cupboard* we should be reminded that it originally meant, not a closed receptacle, but a mere shelf for cups, what a pity that our ancestors should, in their spelling, have weakly given in to so many vernacular curtailments, and thus deprived us of so many delightful reminiscences that might always have played around our pens! For instance, how many people every day write the word "handkerchief" without reflecting that *kerchief* was originally *cover-chief*, and meant a covering for the head, *chief* being, as all the world knows, derived from the Latin *caput*? What a pity that the slovenly contraction *bridal* should obscure the edifying fact that the word originally meant *bride-ale*! Who, in writing *nostril*, is reminded of *nose-thrill*? It is only too probable that thousands of people every day write *surgeon* without recalling the Greek derivation which is manifest in *chirurgion*, and *sheriff* without thinking of *shire-reeve*. If it were really of any value to be reminded of its origin every time we write a word, we ought to form a society for restoring to the language the words *handcoverchief*, *brideale*,

nosethrill, surgeon, shireeve, and hundreds of others which the mean-spirited phoneticism of our ancestors has unhappily disguised for us. And what about the not infrequent words in which the current spelling conveys false etymological information? Does our critic cling to the *g* in *foreign* and *sovereign* because it reminds him they are *not* connected with *regnum*, and to the *c* in *scent* because it recalls to his grateful recollection the ignorant scribe or printer who first put it there?

Seriously, it is no sophistry, but plain truth, to assert that nothing worth knowing about etymology can be learnt from spelling alone, without special study, and that special study will be as easy after spelling has been rationalised as it is to-day. To burden the educational life of children with "etymological evidences" is like insisting that they should always carry pounds of sand, gravel, and road-metal in their pockets as evidences of geology. It is foolish enough that we grown-up people should insist on bearing this burden; but we have, as our critic says, become unconscious of it; and, anyway, it is *not* we who matter. If people would only realise that we are not trying to force an uncomfortable reform upon them personally, but are striving to confer an inestimable boon upon their children and their children's children for all time to come, we should hear less of the quite ridiculously disproportionate arguments now brought forward as pretexts for conservatism. It is time that mental inertia should cease to pose as superior mental activity.

The Anarchists*

MR. VIZETELLY has given us a study of Anarchists and Anarchism from the days of Bakúnin to the Houndsditch and Sidney Street affairs. It is not a controversial study, "but a record of the rise, progress and different phases of Anarchism during the last forty years." Such a subject presents numerous difficulties, but Mr. Vizetelly has marshalled his facts together with such skill that we are not only able to follow the rise and progress of Anarchism, but happily its declining power too. Without bias, hardly expressing an opinion for or against the Anarchist, Mr. Vizetelly has nevertheless shown him in his true colours.

A book of this kind should tend to upset the scare-monger, the man who prattles of the concerted power of the Anarchists, all of whom in his opinion wear black ulster coats, red ties, and take their orders from a buxom wench. Most of the Anarchists mentioned by Mr. Vizetelly are altogether lacking in the faculty of organisation, for their own petty grievances seem to come before any desire to work towards a common end. Many of us would agree with Anarchists, Nihilists, and Social-

ists that there is much to put right in this world. Omar thought so when he sang:—

"Ah, Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!"

All this is true enough, but neither Omar's spiritual revolt nor the Anarchist's bomb will bring about a change for the better. The Anarchist aims at the destruction of law and order. He rails at authority in high places, and would convert the world, if he could, into a very low place indeed, filthy with free love, mentally degenerate, hopelessly blasphemous and chaotic. The blowing up of kings and queens, presidents and judges is all part of the horrible madness of Anarchism. It is diabolically destructive, and it ever has been, and ever will be, utterly futile.

Michael Bakúnin, the father of modern Anarchism, had an extraordinary career. Mr. Vizetelly writes: "Assuredly it is not often that a man is sentenced to death on three successive occasions by the judges of three different Governments, and yet emerges from those sentences unscathed by the firing-party's bullets, the hangman's rope or the headsman's axe." In looking at his portrait, however, we are not surprised to find that he possessed a charmed life, but it is rather unkind of Mr. Vizetelly to write: "The general aspect of his massive figure recalled that of the late Lord Salisbury, the slight stoop being identical with the English statesman's. . . . Below the moustache appeared a thick and sensual underlip, and then came a full, unkempt, frizzy beard, blanched in parts, and much of the Salisbury pattern." Bakúnin distrusted all government. He desired to make a clean sweep, and to dispense with authority and law. He wanted everyone to repeat:—

"I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

We are given a vivid description of Ravachol's life, his murder of Rivollier and the old hermit of Chambles, to say nothing of his outrage upon the grave of Rochetaillée. He may have professed certain elementary Anarchist principles, but here was a villain whose crimes were perpetrated solely for the purpose of getting money. During his trial his mistress, La Rulhière, wept and confessed that she still loved him—the one human touch in an otherwise inhuman record. When Ravachol was on his way to the guillotine, the chaplain begged him to repent. Ravachol replied: "Take away your crucifix! If you show it to me I shall spit upon it!"

Mr. Vizetelly concludes his interesting and valuable work with the following sound dictum: "That the bases of society will be ultimately modified seems certain, but we take it that the Anarchists, in spite of all the noise they have made in the world, will have no share in devising the new order of things which progress must eventually bring in its train."

* *The Anarchists: Their Faith and their Record, including Sidelights on the Royal and other Personages who have been Assassinated.* By ERNEST ALFRED VIZETELLY. With Portraits. (John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

REVIEWS

A New Light on Bach

J. S. Bach. By ALBERT SCHWEITZER, Dr. Philos. With a Preface by C. M. WIDOR. English translation by ERNEST NEWMAN. 2 vols. Illustrated. (Breitkopf and Härtel. 21s. net.)

NINETEEN years ago the illustrious French organist and composer Widor made the acquaintance of a young Alsatian, Albert Schweitzer, and their common love for the music of Bach soon united them in friendship. One memorable day they had been playing some of the Choral Preludes, and Widor remarked to Schweitzer that though he could understand Bach's logic in his purely instrumental works, he found him enigmatic in those which were founded on a Choral. "Why these sometimes almost excessively abrupt antitheses of feeling? Why does he add contrapuntal motives to a chorale melody which have often no relation to the mood of the melody?" Schweitzer solved these mysteries by bidding the master consult the texts of the Chorales used by Bach. Such an examination, he said, would show that the relation of Bach's music to its text is the most intimate that can be imagined; that, though Bach rises superior to what may be styled "confident and pretentious programme music," and never aims at trying to express in music what music is incapable of expressing, he seizes every occasion of faithful delineation of the verbal text, and is thus the "most consistent representative of 'pictorial music' in existence." They played through the whole of the Choral Preludes, Schweitzer pointing out how the contrapuntal motives had indeed no relation to the mood of the melody, but the closest relation to the verbal expressions in the text. In a flash Widor understood. He saw that Bach was "much more than an incomparable contrapuntist," that "his work exhibits an unparalleled desire and capacity for expressing poetic ideas, and for bringing word and tone into unity." He begged Schweitzer to write an essay on this special view of Bach. That essay, in six years, had expanded into a complete book on the divine composer. This was then translated into German, and now we have before us an English translation of the German edition so admirably made by Mr. Ernest Newman, with alterations and additions by the author, and an invaluable index by himself, that it is a book which no one who professes a love for Bach should delay for a moment to buy. For the serious student it is henceforth indispensable; for the amateur it will prove of entrancing interest.

For a long time, but more especially in recent years, the kind of music to which the word "programme" or "pictorial" may be prefixed has been the subject of hot discussion among musicians. Niecks, in his book on musical expression, says that the old orthodox and all but universal doctrine that "pure music, unconnected

with anything definite in thought or nature—a mere formal play with tones—is the only legitimate instrumental music" is not even now an extinct belief. We had fondly supposed that it was, that the most uncompromising champions of the older view had begun to clear their minds of cant, and take up a more tolerant attitude towards pictorial music. But, like M. Widor, we had never supposed that Bach, in spite of certain pictorial fragments which have often been pointed out, would one day be brought as the weightiest witness on the side of the heretics! Yet Dr. Schweitzer, a trained philosopher, a profound historian, an exceptional musician—Widor and his own writings testify to this—so brings him, and Mr. Newman, an expert in criticism, regards the evidence as decisive. Nor is Schweitzer the first to remark upon the "pictorial elements" in Bach's style, for he tells us that Mosewius, one of the earliest Bach æstheticians, always dwells on the "penetrating musical treatment of the text as the characteristic feature of his art."

It is a subject of the deepest interest for us of Great Britain who have a right to be keen about all that concerns Bach. Popular admiration of his music may be of recent growth, but it is steady and in the main sincere. We can answer a question which M. Schweitzer has incidentally put as to where one can hear the Brandenburg Concertos—why in England, at almost any orchestral concert! It is indisputable that during a hundred years, since old Wesley worked like a hero for Bach, and Kollmann printed in England the first edition ever issued of the first part of the "Well-tempered Clavier" (what honour for England!) Bach's music—at any rate his organ and his clavier music—has been regarded as a priceless treasure by all our more serious musicians. It may be the case that some of our specially close students of Bach have discerned something of the definite pictorial tendency in him which M. Schweitzer has demonstrated, but most of us have probably accepted, without inquiry, the conclusions of the great Bach biographer and critic, Spitta, which, with less rigidity, have been re-affirmed by Sir Hubert Parry. Niecks, indeed, asked whether Bach was not "a clandestine cultivator of programme music," and affirmed his conviction that this suspicion could easily be justified by speaking instances from his purely instrumental work, still more by the instrumental portion of his vocal works.

But any idea of this kind was anathema to Spitta. If he found Bach imitating in music the idea contained in a verse of his text—the descending intervals which suggest the Fall of Adam, for instance—he "regards this coincidence of strikingly expressive themes or figures with characteristic or expressive words" as accidental, and warns us against "attributing to them a closer connection than can ever have dwelt in the mind of the composer." Sir Hubert Parry speak of Bach's "besetting temptation to emphasise an idea with a semi-humorous stroke of realistic suggestion," to his "extreme susceptibility to the style and meaning of the words set," and he has, more often,

as it would seem, than he likes, to note specimens of Bach's "frank realism," "unblushing realism," and so on. But he will not admit that the sum total of these examples shows that Bach was a writer of "programme music." He goes only as far as this: "In nearly all the great choruses of the cantatas it is clear that the words generated in him the impulse to express in music the actual phase of praise, prayer, contrition, or exaltation embodied in the text," but he affirms that after the early "Sonata on the Departure of his Brother," "Bach never again wrote what may be described as programme music, for he recognised that the actual naming of a programme for instrumental music has the effect of circumscribing and belittling the music." It looks as if Sir Hubert had what Schweitzer thinks Spitta had, "an instinctive fear that Bach might be pressed into the service of a certain kind of pictorial music that he hated."

Now Schweitzer does not push his conclusions too far; he does not assert that Bach would have written a pictorial tone-poem as the moderns do, but he asserts, and we cannot find any flaw in his copiously illustrated argument, that Bach had a definite, methodically arranged musical language, that he had worked out for himself a set of musical phrases to typify, not only mood and feeling, but characteristic verbal expressions. "When the chorale offers him a picture, Bach takes that as the basis of his music." We are carefully reminded, however, that "the examples of the more external order of tone-painting are relatively few in number; the tone greatness of Bach is not revealed in these, but in a kind of spiritualised tone-painting, in which the pictures are only symbols for words and ideas." We should indeed hesitate to follow a commentator who should make too much of the specimens of this "external order of tone-painting," but, though M. Schweitzer again and again insists on the "pictorial" as the fundamental tendency in Bach's music, we never find him mistaking the letter for the spirit. His communion with Bach has been too intimate for that. The book is conceived in a large style; it is written most lucidly, without one dull or dry page. As Widor well says, it is "among the works the significance of which consists in the fact that while they are founded on a thorough professional knowledge, they treat their subject from the standpoint not of a single art, but of art and science in general."

The sketch of Bach's life is brilliant, and the chapters on the appreciation and performance of his music are admirable. It has always been a problem why, until the nineteenth century, Bach's music never won the love and praise which it deserved. M. Schweitzer's remarks upon this point are illuminating. He thinks that in earlier days "men were too simple to value the work of the previous generation as highly as that of their own. They were convinced that music was always advancing, and as their own art was later than the old art, it must necessarily come nearer to the ideal." "Bach was the end of an old epoch, not the beginning of a new," and "even during the Master's life, art had taken a path which

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led it far away from Cantatas and Passions. People were weary of fugues, and longed for music which should be spontaneous feeling and nothing else. The concept of Nature, which, in the epoch of growing rationalism, transformed philosophy and poetry, asserted itself also in music." This is not true, perhaps, of England under the reign of George III, when Handel was still regarded as a god, though it is so of other countries. But we must leave the reader to find out for himself all the interest and the wisdom of this book. He will read the history of chorales; a survey of the state of Teutonic music and its origins; lucid analyses of all Bach's principal compositions; practical notes on the best manner of performing them; as well as the chapters to which we have drawn special attention, those on the æsthetics of Bach and his system of tone painting. An uncommon measure of gratitude is due to M. Schweitzer for having written such a book, and also to Mr. Newman for having translated it so well.

Indian Finance

The Indian Monetary Problems. By S. K. SURMA.
(The Law Printing House, Madras.)

THERE is nothing to show who the writer of this book is, or what claims he possesses to be considered an authority on so difficult a subject as Indian finance. He bears a Brahman name, and the book was printed at Madras. There is internal evidence of his connection with journalism. Some of his papers have already appeared in Indian periodicals. If he has learnt nothing else, he has at any rate acquired self-confidence, which enables him to criticise unhesitatingly the financial policy of the Government of India, both in London and India, as having been wrong throughout. While regretting that there is no source to which an average Indian can turn for profitable guidance, he says that "superficial writers like (the late) Sir John Strachey have of course interposed erroneous conclusions in their treatises." Indian readers are "to be warned off the book" on "India and the gold standard," because it is "an apology to the existing conditions. . . . Consistency is by no means the besetting sin of the Finance Department." The Government, he says, have freely exercised the right of meddling [*sic*] with the volume of the currency, forgetting a very sensible and sane principle; and elsewhere he writes, "The action of the Government was timidity itself." But the Government will not be encouraged to issue financial works (for perusal of the average Indian) by the statement that the constant reading of official reports and publications, where (he says) a high standard of literary excellence is not always maintained, has spoilt his "English somewhat. . . . We journalists are fed on such pabulum." It has evidently disagreed with him. It is not our business to defend the Government policy, but there are certain obvious points which the writer has ignored. He treats of the Government as an irresponsible bureaucracy—"that is to say, a bureaucracy not responsible

to the will of the people as expressed by their chosen representatives"—the real fact being that the Government is responsible, and acknowledges its full responsibility, to the English nation for the welfare of India. Its financial policy is conducted with the utmost caution, after elaborate inquiries in England and India. Its policy must vary with the circumstances affecting gold and silver.

Books appear from time to time which it would be desirable to correct, but which would require other books of equal length to expose their errors. This is one of them. It is only possible to indicate some of the main matters in controversy. From 1835 India had a silver standard and a rupee currency. The exports from India normally exceed greatly the imports into India, the balance of trade being practically adjusted by the Secretary of State's bills of exchange payable in India. From 1871 to 1893 the exchange value of the rupee fell almost continuously, the fall being due to the decline in the price of silver, consequent on its increased production and the demonetisation of silver in a number of countries. The Government was seriously embarrassed by the continuous fall in the exchange value of the rupee. There was no saying where the fall would stop. Further taxation in India to raise additional rupee revenues was most undesirable, if not impossible. It was therefore decided, in 1893, on the recommendation of Lord Herschell's Committee, to close the Indian mints to the coinage of silver, and to allow rupees to be demanded in exchange for gold at the rate of 15 rupees for £1. Since Sir Henry Fowler's Committee of 1899, the English sovereign has been declared legal tender in India, at the rate of one sovereign to 15 rupees. A gold standard reserve in England was established in 1900, and in 1906 it was decided that a portion of the reserve should be held in silver in India. Since 1899 the exchange value of the rupee has generally remained steady at about 1s. 4d. Through certain causes, in 1908 the demand for the Secretary of State's bills on India was unusually dull, and special facilities for remittance in the opposite direction were required. The Secretary of State sold sterling bills on London for some months. Since November, 1908, trade has resumed its normal course, and the Secretary of State's bills have been sold as before that year.

India has thus a gold standard, but not a gold currency. Its metallic currency is a silver token of enormous magnitude. It is a question whether, with the native tendency to hoard gold, the introduction of a gold currency would be possible. Mr. Surma's contention is that India flourished under the silver standard; that the gold standard is fraught with difficulties, and the adoption of a gold currency impossible; that the mints should be reopened to the coinage of rupees, and the blessings of an "automatic standard" be conferred upon the country. By automatic standard he means a silver standard, and begs the whole question by calling for a "stable automatic standard which would be a trustworthy standard of value for long periods of time." His argument is apparently that silver has

fallen "too deep to be afraid of further fall; it can only come up." Admitting, thus, the fluctuations possible in silver, what becomes of his plea for stability? He asks, also, for another International Conference to "overcome all monetary difficulties by an understanding with the Powers who are yet large purchasers of silver for subsidiary use."

There is no reason to suppose that the Powers would agree to such a Conference, or that any more good would accrue from one than has resulted in the past. Mr. Surma's desire for the resuscitation of silver leads him to attribute the "keeping down the price of silver" to the influence of the Secretary of State's bills, but he does not suggest by what other means the "home charges" of the Secretary of State should be met, the charges to which he again applies opprobriously the terms "drain" and "tribute," which have often been disproved. Nor is Mr. Surma more to be trusted in his views against borrowing for reproductive works, such as railways; nor does he see that it is the railways which convey food to famine-stricken areas, and render a famine of food practically impossible; nor does he recognise the fact that the railways are proving to be a most valuable and lucrative property to the Government. His advocacy of bimetalism (that is, the currency of both metals at a fixed ratio between gold and silver) may be accepted in theory, but, the effort to get it generally accepted having failed some years ago, the Government of India had to take other action

in self-defence. Their business has all along been to protect the finances of India—in other words, to pay their way. For this object Mr. Surma is not responsible. The Government of India must attend to it. He is entitled to his own views, but he is not justified in charging the Secretary of State with the improper motive of importing gold "in the interests of the London money market." Whether it will ever be profitable to introduce a gold currency in the teeth of the ineradicable tendency to hoard gold is a question constantly discussed; but there is the further question whether a gold currency is essential if exchange can be kept steady with a gold standard, with gold and silver reserves. Whatever may be the Government policy, it will presumably be in favour of gold, whereas Mr. Surma is for silver. He may be useful as a critic, but not as a supporter. His statements and arguments may be challenged and refuted by financial experts advocating the gold policy.

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have also felt the want, and the satisfaction of it, even by a work written in French, gives us cause for gratitude. M. Waddington has all the best qualities of a French historian—clearness, method, picturesqueness, and the power of giving logical continuity to a tortuous narrative. If the succeeding volumes maintain the high standard of the first, which, considering the peculiar difficulties of the early history of Brandenburg, it should not be too much to hope, the present "*Histoire de Prusse*" should be a work of permanent value.

To Englishmen, as to Frenchmen, the history of Prussia is of the most poignant interest. It is the history of the most complete instance of national success that modern Europe can afford us. It is the history of the gradual but almost unchecked advance of a once secondary Power to be one of the undisputed arbiters of the destinies of civilisation. And to the dispassionate student of history Prussia means something very definite; it is the clue by which he may pick his way through the mazes of German history. Without such a clue, Germany is a mere welter of changing names and conflicting ideals. Prussia is the purpose of Germany; she is the informing mind of the German body politic, gathering, like any human mind, consciousness with growth.

The present volume may be divided roughly, though formally it is not so divided, into two halves—the origin and the reign of the Great Elector. The second half, which is rather the longer, is the more instructive, because it is the less bewildering. It is very much to the credit of M. Waddington that he has succeeded in giving some coherence to the earlier period; he has succeeded by keeping his three principal threads always separate and distinguishable. The three converging lines are the history of Brandenburg, the history of Prussia, and the history of the Hohenzollern family. The last-mentioned thread is the really important one, as linking up all the others. The stories of the various territories of the Holy Roman Empire would be mere histories of the vicissitudes of the clouds. The Hohenzollerns gave Brandenburg a soul, and it is to them and to their mountain homes in South-West Germany, admirably described by M. Waddington, that we must go back if we want to understand her real beginnings. The reign of the Great Elector is the coming of age of Prussian history; it is the moment when all the threads of the past are gathered together and the whole future is clearly visible in the germ. With him begins the series of enlightened despots who to the cares of good administration in their own estates added the dignity and responsibilities of a European position.

M. Waddington is disposed to question the existence of a lofty German patriotism in the breasts of the Hohenzollerns. Down to the times of Frederick the Great they always paid a certain amount of lip-service to the ideal of the Empire. Many of them had an undoubted reverence and affection for the representatives of German and Christian unity, but perhaps it is not too severe a description of their general conduct to say that it was a "loyalism constant dans son inconstance," and possibly Frederick I, the first Elector, was not the pure patriot that he has sometimes been repre-

sented. Facts were too much against the Empire, when to Barbarossa himself, asking if he were indeed the master of the world, a lawyer could reply, "*Sine proprietate*." The building of a national State and a centralised Power in Brandenburg and Prussia was the truly practical and, in the end, the only patriotic course. The rulers of the great German States, and above all Prussia, became, consciously or not, "*les héritiers de la puissance impériale*." The Empire was, in fact, in commission, and he who realised this held the future in his hand. Protestantism was a great force in loosening the shackles of traditional conceptions. Most important of all, Prussia did not show her cards till she was in a position to win the game. The quiet and patient work of many of her rulers outweighed the follies of a few. "Compromise—but not yourself" might serve as a motto for her early statesmen.

There is a certain piquancy in watching the earliest manifestations of modern conceptions. Waldeck's "*Gottes Partei ergreifess*" and many utterances of the Great Elector are like the far-off retrospective echoes of sounds that are to-day ringing in our ears. "The future of Germany is on the sea" might, though it would have remained a pious aspiration, have been enunciated more than two hundred years ago.

A special feature of M. Waddington's narrative is his treatment of the Polish question. "*C'était le rôle naturel de la Pologne de convertir les peuples de la Vistule; en cédant cette mission aux Teutoniques, le duc Conrad . . . préparait la ruine future de sa patrie polonaise*." This thread is followed up with great skill.

A Remarkable Divine

The Life of Augustus M. Toplady. By THOMAS WRIGHT. (Farncombe and Son. 5s. net.)

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY was not one of those men whose every word and action are of permanent interest to humanity. Whether or no the famous "Rock of Ages" be the greatest of hymns (in spite of the fact that in its original form it contained one of the most ludicrous lines in the whole body of written verse) is not of the highest importance, since the author of one short masterpiece seldom remains more than a name in the world's memory. But Toplady was a remarkable man and a remarkable divine in a century of remarkable divines. As a preacher he carried all before him; as a theological pamphleteer he was deadly; as a man of the world he was both wise and witty; as a leader of religious thought he was undeviating in his earnestness. He was incapable of false enthusiasm, and he was far above the mercenary motives which influenced so many of the preachers of his own and the succeeding times—preachers of whom Dr. Dodd in reality and Charles Honeyman in fiction are unforgettable types.

Toplady was born at Farnham in 1740. He was, as Mr. Wright says, "cradled in sighs and tears," his father having died at the siege of Cartagena six months before. His childhood was very far from frivolous. From an early age he was in the habit of keeping a

precocious diary, in which he recorded such sentiments as: "I always love God, and endeavour to cast away all impurity and all sin whatever," and "I am now arrived at the age of eleven years. I praise God I can remember no dreadful crime: and not to me but to God be the glory." He went to Westminster School and to Trinity College, Dublin, where, in a letter to John Wesley, written at the age of seventeen, he remarked of the University: "I do not believe that there is one that fears God in it." He was at that time strongly Arminian in his views, and the Thirty-Nine Articles gave him great difficulty. Happily a perusal of some discourses on John xvii. converted him, and he was thenceforward a convinced Calvinist and strenuous opponent of Wesley. About this time he published a volume of religious poetry. He was ordained in 1762, and after several short curacies and charges he settled at Broad Hembury, near Honiton, where he lived for more than half of the few years still remaining to him in life. But he was no rural recluse. He had many friends among the prominent clergymen of the day, and his hymns, his many powerful controversial writings (aimed for the most part at Wesley and his teachings), and his occasional sermons in London churches brought him into fame. In London he made the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, and he does not seem to have been overawed by the great man, for he was himself no mean talker. Mr. Wright records an amusing conversation which he had with one Thomas Olivers, a protagonist of the Wesleyans and Toplady's bitter foe in print. In London, also, he met Catherine Macaulay, the "fair historian," a lady of great beauty, but slight literary merit, whose personal charms caused her to be thought a better writer than she was. With her Toplady was on terms of familiarity, and it is not unlikely that he would have aspired to make her his wife had he not felt that his would be a short life and that his work needed all his attention. In 1771, having left Broad Hembury, Toplady began to preach regularly in London, at the Orange Street Chapel. He was then at the height of his fame, and large numbers of people flocked to hear him. But his health was miserable and his triumph short-lived. In 1778, at the age of thirty-eight, he died at Knightsbridge.

Mr. Wright's book is an accumulation of material rather than an artistic biography. Very many of his pages cannot be of the least interest to any save fanatics on the subject of the British hymn-writers. There are some celebrities of whom one writes exhaustive tomes, embodying every known detail, and some of whom one writes brief and pregnant memoirs. Toplady belongs most emphatically to the latter category, and we cannot see what useful purpose is to be served by the publication of copious extracts from his childish diaries, or of lists of the dates of his hymns and essays, or of exact accounts of his friends. Apart from this, we have no fault to find with Mr. Wright's work. It is clear, not obviously laborious, and far richer in humour than we should have expected from the subject. The best pages, perhaps, are those not directly concerned with Toplady, but with the astonishing Mrs. Macaulay and her infatuated Dr. Wilson, who seems to have

worshipped her throughout as a species of tutelary deity, and actually went to the length of placing a statue of her in one of his churches in London. There are many interesting illustrations in the book, and short accounts are added to the main text of a number of hymn-writers contemporary with Toplady.

Some Nature Essays

The Roll of the Seasons. By G. G. DESMOND. (Stephen Swift and Co. 5s.)

THERE are few kinds of writing more secure from the intrusions of the mercenary amateur than the nature-essay. In execution it demands a large and minute knowledge, an air of blitheness, a serenity of mind which can look Nature in the face without winking, an infinite simplicity, and, what follows therefrom, an infinite tact. If it be badly done, it is scarcely more readable than the worst of novels, and, if it be well done, it is the joy of very few. The uninitiated may peep into this sequestered nook of literature, and glance around with pleasure or boredom, as the case may be; but one and all withdraw soon, and seek more vivid delights. There remain only the learned, to whom the testing of each tiny fact about flower or leaf, or bird or beast, is a delight, and the wise, who may or may not be learned also, who love to forget the more garish scenes and doings in order to dwell with the reticent inhabitants of the woods and fields. Whether the learned will approve Mr. Desmond's pages we dare not hazard even a guess, for his knowledge appears to us so vast that we fear either to confirm or to criticise it. He writes as from a lifetime of unharassed observation, and it is almost impossible to believe him a dweller in cities. But of the spiritual effect of his essays we can testify more openly. His love of nature rings true as a bell, and the stories he has to tell of it make the louder activities of civilised man seem very crude indeed. A perusal of such a book as this puts one out of humour with the cunning of statesmen, causes the most pressing social questions to appear a trifle irrelevant, and throws calm but insistent doubt upon the importance of humanity as opposed to other forms of life. To the wisdom of the flowers the greatest sage is a bungler, and the saint toils in vain after the example of their patience.

No doubt, to continue too far in this strain of thought would be to give a false perspective of things, but to deny the importance of the smallest act of nature which Mr. Desmond chronicles would be equally foolish and far more dangerous. The exaltation of trifles is a main business of an age which is largely concerned with trifles, and it is to such an age that there comes most pertinently any book bearing a message of the small things which are not trifles. Whether Mr. Desmond writes of snakes, or squirrels, or daisies, or early flowers, or pike, or foxes, or the horns of a cow, or anything else, we feel that all he writes is not only a discussion of nature, but a very immediate criticism of man. Herein, we think, lies a chief value of such a book as

"The Roll of the Seasons." It is a fresh wind among the philosophies, and yet does not estrange us by so much as a mention of the word. In a purely literary way Mr. Desmond's greatest triumph is to be really interesting, for to make the nature-essay really interesting is far from easy. Learning is in vain without a power of moving among the flowers and birds as among intimate friends. Mr. Desmond always writes with distinction and always unobtrusively. He is content to subordinate his manner to his matter; he is far from offending by any carelessness; but he has the instinct that all the attention of his reader is needed for the quiet tale he has to tell, and that only by the exercise of close attention can its fascination be realised. If one skims his pages, they will be found dull; if one reads them with care, each sentence has its message, and the book will be closed with the feeling that one has walked in pleasant places and in very charming company.

Shorter Reviews

Mrs. Gaskell. By ESTHER ALICE CHADWICK. (Herbert and Daniel. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE plan of this remarkably well-arranged and intelligent anthology of passages from Mrs. Gaskell's writings gives a better idea of her personality than many a laborious biography. First we have a very good reproduction of Richmond's portrait. The pure sweetness of the face is a sort of key to the whole book, and to the character it reveals. Then comes a well-written and sufficient introduction telling in brief fashion the life-story of Mrs. Gaskell, and adding a few words of characterisation. A calendar of the principal events in her life follows, and is very useful to a reader wishing to locate quickly the period of any of her books. The selections come next, and are all classified under various headings, such as Social Questions, Humorous, Descriptive, etc. The extracts are often introduced with a few words of explanation or information, which are generally illuminating. A series of short "Appreciations and Testimonia," ranging from Frederick Greenwood to Mr. Clement K. Shorter, still further helps the process of realising the characteristics of Mrs. Gaskell. There is, of course, a Bibliography; and, what is new to us, an Iconography, or list of portraits and busts of the authoress. The appearance of the book is quite charming, and we wonder how it is done for the price.

Such a collection as this will perhaps help to restore the balance of Mrs. Gaskell's fame, which has leaned far too heavily to one side on account of the vogue of "Cranford." The charm and quaintness of that book have captivated all so much as to obscure the stronger and deeper aspects of Mrs. Gaskell's gifts as a writer. Perhaps some will be led to read "Mary Barton" and "North and South," and will find in them powers they had not hitherto suspected in the writer of "Cranford." And if on the other hand some have been oppressed

by the tragic tone of "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," they also will discover the middle course of Mrs. Gaskell's art in the above-mentioned novels.

We can only hope that the present volume may lead to a revival of interest in a writer so pure, and so free from the exaggerations that mark much of the work of to-day. Although Mrs. Gaskell belonged to that mid-Victorian period which we now regard with so much cynicism, she had nothing of the stuffy atmosphere which spread over that time. The re-reading of an author of such delicacy and sensitiveness, coupled with such strength and sanity, will be a good augury for the future of our literature.

2,000 Miles on Foot. By E. W. Fox. Illustrated. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co. 6s.)

IN his preface, Mr. Fox remarks that people write books upon every conceivable topic nowadays, that walking has always had a peculiar charm for him, and that his chief object has been to get among the people and out of the beaten tracks. After that, we know what to expect.

He is unnecessarily careful to explain that he has "made no attempt at fine writing and finished drawing." A mere glance at his book attests this. Such sentences as "We walk along leisurely until he ventured a word or two," "You feel so full of health and vigour, too. We laugh and chat away on every topic . . ." and "I am rather disappointed with the remains . . . you often experience this feeling," betray a carelessness and absolute disregard for what Mr. Fox is pleased to call "fine writing" which go far to mar enjoyment of his book, if they do not actually spoil the sense.

The "finished drawing," too, is very obviously absent. A very, very post-impressionist sketch of Edinburgh Castle, possibly made from an aeroplane, renders the author's prefatory statement quite unnecessary, and we are rather in doubt as to the sex of one "peasant" subject of a quarter-page drawing. On page 146 occurs a very useful catalogue of equipment required for a walking tour, but this is more than balanced toward the end of the book by a detailed description of Skibo Castle and that benefactor of the English-speaking and reading race, Mr. Andrew Carnegie. We do not doubt that Mr. Fox got out of the beaten track on his walking tours.

So sketchily is this book written, however, that Mr. Fox fails altogether in taking us with him to the places of interest which he visited. We learn that he went to the Plain of Carnac, "where are the finest Druidical remains in the world." At Le Faou, we learn, "the sea is quite near, and is romantically situated." It usually is, for that matter. But Mr. Fox has not the gift of reproducing scenes in words, or of creating mind-pictures for his readers. We know that he walked two thousand miles; we know that he went to Skibo Castle and interviewed Mr. Andrew Carnegie. We know that he wore Burberry clothing, read "Arsène Lupin," and soaped his feet when they were sore—an excellent remedy. For the rest, we find him guilty of no small amount of

unconscious humour, both in writing and drawing, but guiltless of decided purpose or great care in the manner of his book-making. He walked two thousand miles, catalogued the places through which he walked, and indexed his catalogue. That is all.

The White Wallet. By PAMELA GLENCONNER. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

"THE WHITE WALLET" is an anthology in prose and verse, with no definite thread on which to string its many pearls; but it should not be overlooked or depreciated on that account, for the collection shows evidence of a very delicate taste and a true appreciation of the best things. Authors so diverse as Browning, Hazlitt, Samuel Butler, Meredith, Emerson, Clough, and William Morris, are here represented by quotations; ancient and modern literatures are drawn upon for gems of thought and of expression; and we notice some quite charming selections from the pen of Lady Glenconner herself. Many anonymous pieces, new to us, will delight the reader, and although "The White Wallet" is not a volume to read straight through, it belongs to that eclectic list of anthologies which are especially suited to the quiet half-hour when novels pall and serious study is out of the question. Without any ulterior meaning, we should say that it deserves a place on the shelf of favourites which lovers of literature keep near to the bedside for the solace of a wakeful hour.

The Heroes: Being the Stories of The Argonauts and Theseus. From Kingsley's "Heroes." (Blackie and Son. 1s.)

Holidays at Sandy Bay. By E. S. BUCHHEIM. (Blackie and Son. 1s.)

A Soldier's Son. By ANNETTE Lyster. (Blackie and Son. 1s.)

MESSRS. BLACKIE AND SON, always on the look-out for something either to amuse or instruct the young folk, are now issuing a series entitled "Stories Old and New." The object of this series we are told is "to include, along with many charming stories by the best children's authors of to-day, a due proportion of those older tales which never grow old." The present three books come under the heading of those for children of nine to eleven, and are very entertaining reading. The print is clear, the illustrations good, and the stories undoubtedly interesting, for on opening "Holidays at Sandy Bay," somewhere in the middle of the story, we became so engrossed that we read it through to the end.

An Introduction to Practical Chemistry. By G. B. NEAVE and J. WARSON AGNEW. (Blackie and Son. 2s. net.)

A New Algebra. Vol. II. By S. BARNARD and J. M. CHILD. (Macmillan and Co. 4s.)

THE object of the present book on chemistry is two-fold. It is to meet the requirements of First Year Students in the Technical College at Glasgow, of which college the

authors are lecturers and demonstrators, and also to serve as a guide for those who wish to have only an elementary knowledge of the subject. Illustrations of many experiments are given with detailed instructions as to their performance.

The graduated series of books on algebra for a school course is completed in the second volume just issued by Messrs. Macmillan. Special treatment is accorded to equations and a careful exposition is given of the meaning of "limit."

A third volume is promised shortly, and is being prepared principally for the use of mathematical specialists in public schools.

Fiction

The House of Lisronan. By MIRIAM ALEXANDER. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

WHEN such men as Messrs. A. C. Benson, A. E. W. Mason, and W. J. Locke have expressed the opinion that a book is competent, above all other manuscripts submitted to their judgment, to bear off the prize of two hundred and fifty guineas in a fiction competition, the mere everyday critic grows dubious over venturing his opinion on the merits of the work. We know not what were the merits of the other MSS., but it appears, on reading "The House of Lisronan," that if the "vivid and dramatic qualities," with which the three who sat in judgment credit this book, were the qualities most desired, then the book deserves the place that has been given it. So stark and clear are the scenes which make up the story, so intense are the emotions it calls up, that realisation of its faults comes not with the first reading. The story grips and sweeps one along with it after the manner of Hewlett's or Wells' earlier work, forces on from scene to scene, and so skilfully and naturally is this accomplished that the construction is very seldom evident—for the most part the story accomplishes itself in ordered sequences of consequences following upon act.

The plot hinges on the enactment of the law against the Catholics in the reign of William of Orange, and the terrible effects of that law on the landed proprietors of Ireland. Dermot, Lord of Lisronan, swears vengeance on Wynyht, the Dutchman who ousts the rightful owners from their home, and whose brutality renders Dermot's mother a paralysed cripple to the day of her death. Force of circumstance and a high sense of honour compel Dermot to marry Julia, whom he believes to be Wynyht's daughter. When, long after the marriage, Dermot finds that his wife is not Wynyht's daughter, and falls in love with her, it is too late, for Julia's heart has gone to Barry FitzUlick. The tragic chapters in which Dermot's vengeance on Wynyht is accomplished, and the difficulty with his wife and Barry his friend is settled, hold some of the most powerful and convincing writing in modern fiction. The scenes de-

picted are terribly, wonderfully clear, free of any descent to melodramatic effect or sensationalism, and, if this is to be considered a first novel, evidence of power on the part of the author to accomplish really enduring work.

When the effect of action has cleared away—when one pauses from the stirring recital of deeds to consider the doers, then the weak points of the work begin to appear. Ethna, Dermot's mother, is the only character who commands sympathy and admiration, and she dies early in the book, leaving Dermot free to accomplish his vengeance. Julia is too contradictory in her attributes, even for a woman; Barry FitzUlick is almost contemptible at times, though we do not question his bravery; Dermot himself, though he rises to greatness at the last, never quite wins our sympathy, and it is significant with regard to Wynnyht, the villain of the piece, that the authoress only mentions his love for his son when dramatic effect demands it. The book concerns violent times and violent deeds, limits of emotions and passions. When the thrill of its end has subsided, one is left questioning whether there were no half-lights among these black shadows and fierce glares which the authoress has rendered so well, and is left, too, almost certain that she will yet write a book which, including equally powerful writing of more normal people, will be great work.

The Matador of the Five Towns; and Other Stories. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

IN this volume Mr. Arnold Bennett has collected twenty-three of his short stories, the first of which, giving title to the book, is the best. The "Matador" is a footballer, the idol of the populace, and rarely have we seen the mental status of the crowd at a football-match so mercilessly analysed as in three or four of these pages. When a goal is scored, "the host of the fifteen thousand might just have had their lives saved, or their children snatched from destruction and their wives from dishonour; they might have been preserved from bankruptcy, starvation, prison, torture; they might have been rewarding with their impassioned worship a band of national heroes." Jos Myatt, the hero, is followed to his home at "The Foaming Quart," where his wife lies ill; he has a sordid bet with one of his friends that it will be a boy-child, and, pitifully small, we are shown him snarling in the bar over the payment of the money while his wife is dying upstairs. It is a powerful little story of a terrible under-world, hardly human.

Most of the tales here brought together, however, are pure comedy, and of them all we like best "The Cat and Cupid." The author's methods in the short story correspond precisely with his methods in the novel; we feel, as we read, that he is trying to suppress the profusion of detail in the picture he sees, but that for a page or two it simply must be set down; and in this abbreviated form there is no risk of weariness to the reader—the setting is carefully made, and Mr. Bennett proceeds to

insert the gem. Exceedingly humorous are many of the situations in which these Five Towns worthies are placed, and the reader who does not chuckle vastly over the whimsicalities of "The Long-lost Uncle" or "The Tiger and the Baby"—will be quite unworthy of such a feast. Without competing with Mr. Wells or other acknowledged masters of the art, Mr. Bennett succeeds perfectly in his depiction of an incident, a tiny romance, a comical *contretemps*, or a tragic hour, and without doubt all those who have learned to know the murky Midland towns through his books should not miss the opportunity of increasing their knowledge given by these clear vignettes.

Camilla Forgetting Herself. By A. L. VAHEY. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

SOME novels appear to be designed exclusively for the inevitable "half-hour in a railway carriage" which overtakes us all, sooner or later, and which may be expressed more briefly by the one word, "boredom." Of that order is Mr. Vahey's book—we hesitate to call it a story, for it is nearly innocent of plot. There are Camilla and her husband, who do all sorts of absurd things, and a couple of rich bachelor uncles, both unconvincingly erratic. There are also a variety artiste and a London landlady who makes use of a dialect which fails to convey an impression of Cockaigne, either old or modern.

The suitability of the book for a railway journey lies in that it matters very little where the reader opens it, or how soon he or she has to close it. "Geoffrey's" affectation of theatricality may amuse for a few pages, but it grows dull after a time; Camilla ought to have squashed it in the first chapter. Mr. Vahey has given us over three hundred innocuous pages, but, before adventuring further into the domain of fiction, he ought really to study life as men and women live it, that he may give us other than puppets with visible strings. Neither the "Joy" of which he speaks in his dedication, nor the happiness which makes this a better world, can result from depicting or reading of such trivial inconsequences as are set forth in this slight work. Some readers, perhaps, will find it amusing, if they take it in very small doses, but the majority will probably follow Camilla's example with regard to herself.

The Door Ajar and Other Stories. By VIRGINIA MILWARD. (William Rider and Son. 1s. net.)

EACH of the seven short stories that Miss Milward has to tell treats of the pathetic and rather harrowing side of life. But they do not grip; there is too much striving after effect. A person pondering over the leaves of an old book and wondering whether such and such people committed a crime in the sixteenth century soliloquises thus:—

Had they anything to do with it?
Were they connected with the plot?
Surely not?

This is not an isolated instance; similar passages occur again and again throughout the stories. There is also a very unnecessary amount of padding before the climax is reached, and a great deal too much explanation after it has taken place. There is no short, terse finish to leave one amazed and gasping for more of the good things to come. If it is any praise at all we can safely say that the stories are "harmless," but we are afraid that is all the commendation we can bestow.

The Long Hand. By SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY, BART.
(Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY has chosen a somewhat unusual setting for this romance—Bavaria in the time of the English Regent Thompson. It would not have been amiss if the author had favoured us with a further insight into the doings of this remarkable man. As it is we are asked to follow the adventures of some lesser lights: one, Rayward, an Englishman seeking excitement—and finding it; Von Varstein, a Bavarian traitor; Von Arnburg, in disgrace; his queenly sister; and various swashbuckling Austrian officers. Of course, Una von Arnburg's beauty sets everybody by the ears, and equally, of course, the Englishman, after many tribulations, scores. The story is briskly told and is full of incident.

Music

WE have read with interest, and not without some gentle amusement, certain communications recently sent us about the doings of the London Opera House by Mr. Hammerstein. He is still an optimist, and his faith in the doctrine that the London public will believe anything that you order it to believe is touching. We are a gullible people, no doubt, yet is there a Thomas-like spirit of inquiry in some of us. That the London Opera House, during the short period when "theatre prices" were charged, was "run at least without loss," we are glad to know, and ready to believe; but is not language a little strained when we are told that the past season "will 'be memorable' for the appearance of several artistes hitherto unknown to fame, who have sprung at a single bound into extraordinary popularity, and have become recognised as 'stars' in the musical firmament, Mlles. Felice Lyne and Victoria Fer, MM. Orville Harold and José Danse standing pre-eminent in this category"? Mr. Hammerstein knows how to temper his tuition of Londoners with flattery. It is "the phenomenal musical intuition of the English which enabled them so quickly to recognise individual merit and create 'stars.'" We should like to ask Mmes. Bellincioni, Pacini, Wedekind, Camilla Landi, Messrs. Paderewski, Busoni, Bauer, Kreisler, Casals, and a few

others what their view was, once upon a time, as to the quick musical intuition of the British public!

Durable musical fame is not ensured by any amount of what the vulgar call "booming," and the truth is that though Miss Lyne has a very pretty voice, and an admirably easy and natural *vocalise*, she is not yet a distinguished artiste by any means; Mr. Harold has a fine voice and is full of promise, and these two singers are, no doubt, well able to attract a full house; but if they are "stars," their magnitude is not great. Mlle. Fer and M. Danse are excellent members of an opera company better deserving the name of artistes than their more popular colleagues, but it is no good pretending that they are what the world calls "stars," and we can only smile when we are told that with these four "discoveries," and some fresh ones, the "coming season may become historical." We wish it might, but we have our doubts. "The chorus, orchestra, and the brilliance of the mounting have been the subject of universal approbation," says Mr. Hammerstein. We can admit that much good work has been done in these departments, but not that it has always been above criticism, and Mr. Hammerstein is our sole authority for the universality of the approbation it has received.

He has given us some quite pleasant, and some quite respectable performances, but it would seem from his language that he imagines he has created something like a new standard of opera for us, taught us what we did not know, given us the best. These are but fond dreams; his estimate of his productions may be accepted by people who have had no opportunity of judging what opera can be, but those who have been to Vienna, Munich, Berlin, Covent Garden, and to some of the best performances in Paris and Milan, will not accept it. We were, and are still, most cordial in our desire for Mr. Hammerstein's success, that he should add to our pleasure and our profit in matters operatic. But his first season has been a disappointment. He has not done us any special good, and it is right to point out that we English do not invariably take new-comers at their own valuation, nor believe all that we are told. How he will fare in his summer season at Covent Garden prices we will not venture to prophesy. He must give us better and more interesting performances than those we have had if he is to rival the older house. It would seem that he has a distinctly good chance of success when he reverts to his policy of creditable performances at moderate prices. There are quite enough people in London who have never, or very rarely, been to Covent Garden, or to foreign opera houses, who will delight in what he gives them, and fill his house. The splendid dames of suburbia will drag their reluctant squires to Kingsway, and we shall, like Horace, see

... the pert shopkeeper whose throbbing ear
Aches with orchestras which he pays to hear,
Whom shame, not sympathy, forbids to snore,
His anguish doubled by his own encore.

And when Mr. Hammerstein, dropping his policy of self-

laudation, gets a company together which can give us performances equal to those of Vienna or Munich, or the best average of Covent Garden, we think we can promise him that he may count on the support of those who go to an entertainment, not because its manager says it is good, but because the experienced voice of sober musical people recommends it. Before we bid good-bye to Mr. Hammerstein we may perhaps be allowed to point out that the gentleman who expresses the director's views on paper does not write very good English.

It has often been remarked that the concerts organised by Messrs. Broadwood are among the most agreeable that we have. The spirit which animates them, the selection of performers and works to be performed, is almost invariably happy. Freshness, variety, refinement, are special notes of these concerts. One may be fairly certain that one will not be bored at any of them. Music "for the chamber" is, of course, their special province, and they do not confine it to instrumental music and songs, but they offer us choral singing of the best kind from time to time. We constantly look back with pleasure to the appearance of Dr. Walford Davies and his choir from the Temple Church, and hope to hear again those excellent musicians in Æolian Hall.

Last week, some members of the "Barrow Madrigal Society," a body of singers justly celebrated in the North of England, came with their conductor, Mrs. T. M. Bourne, to sing part songs and madrigals, new and old. To anyone who had not previously heard one of the first-rate Northern choirs of this special kind the singing of these artists from Barrow must have opened an entirely new view of the possibilities of choral singing. We can easily believe that during the twelve years of its existence, this Barrow choir has won more than seventy prizes at the great competition Festivals which have sprung into such vigorous life since the seed was first planted at Kendal by that gifted and lamented pioneer, Miss Mary Wakefield. The temptation is great to write at length of the various masteries which make this Barrow Society so distinguished, but we will confine ourselves to offering its members our respectful and wondering congratulations on the mastery they have obtained of the art of expressing mood and pictorial scene by means of tone-colour. This was specially shown in their singing of Delius' cruelly difficult and very beautiful "Craig Dhu," Debussy's "Winter," Elgar's "Evening Scene" and "There is Sweet Music"; in the two last, the dull, uninspired music was, at it were, transfigured by the expressiveness of the tones in which it was sung. If only the choir had sung Lasso's popular "O la, che buon eco" to the original words, it would have been perfect. We have never heard the echo more beautifully rendered. There were instances of an over-anxiety to emphasise words in "Dead in the Sierras," and now and then the first sopranos sang, as it seemed, with a slight timidity. But these were trifling blemishes, and are only mentioned because this is a choir which deserves to be judged by no lower a standard than that of perfection.

The Theatre

"Proud Maisie" at the Aldwych

TO write a play round the character of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" was rather a dangerous experiment on the part of Mr. Edward G. Hemmerde, K.C., but to write it in blank verse, courageous though such a feat may be, was to court boredom and, we fear, failure. High-flown sentiments, rich and elegant metaphors, came flooding from the lips of the stage-people hour after hour; there was far too much talk, far too little actual progress. Moments which might have been intensely dramatic were weakened sadly by the urgent necessity (becoming obvious, of course, at such times) of keeping up the blank-verse convention, though we have to admit, and do so with pleasure, that in one love-scene between Maisie (Miss Alexandra Carlisle) and Neil MacAlpine (Mr. Henry Ainley) the effect was superb—almost Shakespearean.

The story opens in the armoury of Pitcour Castle, and for two acts drags rather slowly, relieved, however, by some very pretty fencing-bouts and a harpist's song. In the third act, the Hall of the Castle, Mr. Archdeacon has spared no expense or trouble, and the result, as far as a picture full of life and pleasing to the eye is concerned, is marvellous, and one excellent moment came when Prince Charlie (Mr. Ben Webster) made his dramatic entry and his followers went mad with delight. Then—alas! but it must be said—the proceedings grew tedious; the speechifying was carried to an inordinate length. Still, as a spectacle, with its pipers, its charming minuet, its thrilling song of "The White Cockade," and its toasts to the hero and his cause, Act III would be hard to beat.

The plot is fairly simple, although, judging by questions which we overheard, some of the audience were rather befogged over it. Neil MacAlpine, a Hanoverian, loves "Proud Maisie" of Pitcour, and there are sundry tense situations between her twin-brother Guy (Mr. Leon Quartermaine) and her lover. Maisie looked very charming in kilts and made pretty play with the foils, but this was merely by way of interlude. In the last act, impersonating her brother, she was killed by her lover in a duel, and he, discovering his mistake, takes his own life. Thus ends a play which might have been thrilling and effective had it not writhed throughout in the shackles of monotonous blank verse.

For the staging and the acting, scenery and production, we have nothing but praise. Miss Alexandra Carlisle took her part perfectly, and Mr. Henry Ainley, after delivering his lines too rapidly in the first act, finely interpreted "Young Lochvar." Mr. Ben Webster had all the swagger due to the personality of the Prince; Mr. Blake Adams, with the only decided Scotch accent in the play, introduced some pleasant humour as Duncan, a servant, and Mr. J. H. Barnes as the Earl of Pitcour assumed the necessary solemnity and solidity of demeanour in the crises of the story.

IF the "Fantastic Comedy in Three Acts," by Leon Brodsky, produced by Mr. Maurice Elvey on Monday afternoon at the Court Theatre, was not very edifying, it was at least amusing in parts, thanks to the excellent company which interpreted it. "Interpreted" is perhaps too dignified a word, for "The Humour of it," as this comedy was entitled, descended several times into the realm of sheer farce. A poetical youngster in the full flush of first love is caught declaiming verses before his mistress's window at dawn (he really must have been very much enamoured); and the energetic policeman who attempts to arrest him takes him for a burglar. Misunderstandings of a varied and laughable kind follow inevitably, and four navvies, engaged on drain-work in the garden, are bribed by the poet to capture his lady—a plot which fails, but which gives Messrs. Leslie Gordon, Leonard Calvert, J. R. Collins, and Telford Hughes opportunity for extremely good and clever studies as the "British workmen"; they might have stepped from the street to the stage, so natural and delightfully awkward were they. Mr. W. G. Fay as the lady's father, Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn as the policeman, Mr. Pickering as a milkman, and Miss Irene Clark as Phyllis, were all good, and the strenuous part of "Charley," the poet-burglar, was taken with just the right amount of self-importance and melodrama by Mr. Lawrence Anderson. The comedy was preceded by a weak little one-act affair, well performed, but hardly worthy of detailed criticism.

The Incorporated Stage Society

IT really seems a very great waste of time for anyone to translate into English two plays such as were produced at the new Princes Theatre on Monday afternoon. They seem so absolutely objectless; they do not amuse, interest or instruct. In "The Fool and the Wise Man" the curtain is lifted to disclose Vinzenz Haist, a middle-aged, successful, matter-of-fact business-man engaged with Regel, his lawyer, in making his will in favour of his daughter Sophie provided she marries the man he has chosen for her. For some reason probably only known to the author, Vinzenz is made to appear very unwell, and spends a great part of his time covering himself up with a rug on the sofa. Living in the same house is a musical brother, Edouard, who once stole something and is still unrepentant about it. Hugo, a still more musical brother, arrives, and we believe that we are now intended to draw the great contrast between the steady-going, practical man, whose motto is "self-denial and work," and the artist who "has lived." But why, simply because a man cares for beauty and soul-stirring emotions, he should be represented as partly out of his mind at forty we fail to see. A long conversation ensues between the brothers with occasional gasps from the daughter who has little else to do, and the curtain rings down upon Hugo commanding Sophie "to live and praise the Lord." We have not yet chosen the wise man from the three.

The "Creditors" are the husband and the divorced husband of one, Thékla, and they are creditors inasmuch as they both gave her all they had—the one position, money and a good name, and when these failed to satisfy Adolf came along with his art and his fame. She took all and gave nothing, and Adolf being disillusioned turns and pours out his troubles to Gustav the first husband, not knowing who he is. Gustav advises him to assert himself and leaves to watch through a keyhole the stormy scene that takes place. Adolf then takes his turn at the keyhole and learns of the previous relationship of his wife with Gustav. Gustav plays up to the woman until she consents to fly with him that night, and then tells her he does not want her. Adolf staggers in. In turn she clings to him for comfort only to find that he has shot himself and is dead at her feet.

Mr. E. Harcourt Williams as Adolf had an especially difficult part, and he played it well. In fact, the acting throughout was good, and we can only wish that the plays were more worthy of the talents displayed.

Mood and Atmosphere

By J. E. Patterson.

FANCY—mood—atmosphere—thought. How they seem to tread upon one another's heels, jostling and changing places, and appearing even to change personalities as they run along the hedged-in highway of the mind! Yet we know that each one is ever its distinctive self, close akin although they all four are. We are quite cognisant that, while one is a sensation, another is a growth from it, separate and different. Fancy—thought in gay attire, the gambolling outcome of a mood—is no more than, and as such is the all-sufficient, bright fairy of the mind, the entertaining tale-teller at the bivouac on life's fierce battle-field. She is the smiling elf who, with witching glamour, screens into a corner the doubts and defeats of the struggle, then paints a beautiful allegory on the screen.

Thought (surely the instant growth of mood, from which it takes its hue and texture) is at best—that is, when reflective—a dredger that scours the bottom of Truth's well for some of her pearls, but does not always know the value of the gem it finds. Yet thought and atmosphere are as unlike as a brother and sister can be; for if there is a suggestion of sex here—and there appears to be—it is that thought is the masculine and atmosphere is the feminine. Certainly the latter is far the more subtle, elusive of touch, and difficult of analysis. Again, is not one a sort of garment for the other—say, a cloak of distinguishing colour? The mind of moods (not the "moody" man) is the mind of atmospheres, whether or not it can put them into words, music, or colour; it is the mind with many changes of raiment, bright for joyous occasions, sober for times of serious import, sombre for the reception of sad things. Thought whence superficially spring all things human—is the pack-horse on the beaten road of mentality; but moods

are the wild mules of genius—trained or untrained, active or inactive—leaping to sudden life from the hidden coverts of personality and circumstance, or stealing slowly into recognition and governance, like fog over a valley, or the temporarily unmarked changes that come from time to time in the social conditions of a people.

We are commonly aware that a mood can to some extent be conveyed to paper or to canvas, but it cannot truly be spoken. With the very sound of the voice mood takes flight as an elf at the approach of garish day, and the more pensive, tender, illusive, not to say fantastic, it is, the more quickly, easily is it lost. As individuality and temporary environment appear generally to be parents of a mood, silence is the only midwife that can bring it into the world properly, and silence is its one successful nurse. Therefore, when once the sensation is fully born, it is fairly easy to give it extended life in that emotion-mental creation with which it came to you, unsought, and undiscoverable even when you try to seek it out. Yet to do this adequately, to transfer its real personality, its charm and distinction from all other of its kin, you must take it in the first warm flush of life. If once it begins to play hide-and-seek among the comers and goers in the market-place of thought, it soon becomes as hard to capture as a Jack-o'-lantern; it then leaves you, tantalised and disappointed, as retaliation for lack of encouragement when it first came. And when you have done that, have imprisoned on paper, in colour, or in that series of sounds which speaks a universal language, what have you done? Not secured your mood exactly, not carried from the generating station of the mind that illogical, spontaneous, unguidable something, which we term a mood, to your paper, your canvas, or your instrument.

No. What you have done is to create an atmosphere. In giving the mood that form, that similarity to substance, in which only can it be sensed by another person, it has gone through a metamorphosis, and so subtly, so secretly that even while you did the conveying from mind to form it changed unknown to you. How many an artist—whether in colour, music, or words—has found himself the very temporary abiding-place of such a sensation, failed to catch a semblance of it as it passed, owing to the pressure of other matters, not to failure in attempt, and regretted his loss ever afterwards. Not that it bore away with it the idea with which it came. On the contrary, the idea is rarely, or never, forgotten; it is remembered well enough, followed, and dwelt on—but the colouring is gone. It has slipped out of that garment of particular hue, and stands naked, unabashed, and undistinguishable from that endless army whereof it is merely a unit, yet was an officer high in state. An escaped mood is no more easy to bring back than are the formations of yesterday's clouds.

And how does it come? What is its real source, its originating point? Not exactly the individuality of the person to whom it plays the part of a hurried, quiet visitant; not the environment nor the circumstance of the moment, all of which help to give it that distinctive hue. Its actual begetter is some passing touch of emotion, mostly arising in one's sub-consciousness, un-

obtrusive, barely recognised till it is fully in evidence, and is itself brought into the centre of feeling by no matter what means, and generally by something that defies analysis. Thus we come face to face with the fact—debatable, possibly—that emotion is the only true origin of mood, which, gentle or violent, transferred from the mind, or living and dying there within a few minutes, is no more than the colouring of thought. We have pointed out that thought may pursue a lost mood, yet cannot overtake or revive that sensation, any more than it can beget a new one. The coming of moods, their whys, wherefores, and exact place of origin are as inexplicable, as far beyond our power of control, as are the stars. Here emotion serves the place of Nature; as she, moving at the root of all things of growth, change, and development, brings the propagating agents together, so does emotion set mood and thought working to the end of some definite creative effort. Emotion is the prime origin of thought; and this brings with it, from the instant of its birth, its especial colour—mood—for the occasion, which in turn becomes atmosphere when successfully transferred to literature, music, or painting.

Notes and News

THE next meeting of the Royal Microscopical Society will be held on Wednesday, March 20, at 20, Hanover Square, at 8 p.m., when a lecture entitled "Fairy Flies and their Hosts" will be delivered by Mr. Frederick Enock.

The lecture at the Royal Geographical Society, in the Theatre, Burlington Gardens, on Monday, March 25, will be by Douglas Carruthers, on "Exploration in N.W. Mongolia," with Earl Curzon, the president, in the chair.

The next two lectures at the Royal Society of Arts will be on Monday, March 18, by Noel Heaton, B.Sc., F.C.S., on "Materials and Methods of Decorative Painting," and on Wednesday, March 20, by F. Martin Duncan, on "The Work of the Marine Biological Association."

Mr. Imre Kiralfy has this year gone to the great Latin races for inspiration for this season's "White City" Exhibition. France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the South American Republics provide the "atmosphere" for an exhibition which will reveal the glories, arts, genius, products, and remarkable progress made by the Latin nations of the world within recent years.

Messrs. A. and C. Black are publishing two books for anglers, "The Art of Worm Fishing," by Alexander Mackie, M.A., and "Dry Fly Fishing in Border Waters," by F. Fernie, A.M.I.C.E., with an introduction by J. Cuthbert Hadden. Mr. Mackie is a disciple of Stewart, with thirty years' experience of the sport, and Mr. Fernie also has had many years' experience with a dry fly in the very home of the wet fly.

In view of the criticism meted out to the new postage stamps of this country, the Junior Philatelic Society has

initiated a public art contest, with prizes, for an ideal postage-stamp design for the British Isles. It is anticipated that, as the British Government has held no such public competition since 1839, when Rowland Hill's scheme was nearing its fruition, much interest will be aroused in this contest, the successful designs in which will be shown to the public at the Jubilee International Stamp Exhibition to be held in the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, next October.

Tchekhof's famous play, "The Seagull," which Maurice Elvey is producing for the first time in London at the Little Theatre, on Sunday, March 31, for the Adelphi Play Society, met with such a bad reception on its first presentation in St. Petersburg that it was quickly withdrawn. Later it was presented as the first performance of the now world-famous Artistic Theatre, Moscow, and its success was so great that it established that theatre on a firm financial basis. The Adelphi Play Society has been fortunate in securing Miss Gertrude Kingston for "Madame Arcadina," this being Miss Kingston's reappearance in London after her visit to America.

The committee of the forthcoming Exhibition of Designs for Mural Paintings and for the Decoration of Schools, etc., have now issued a final circular containing full particulars of the competitions offered to artists, and of the exhibits which it is hoped to secure. The exhibition will be opened at Crosby Hall, Chelsea, S.W., on Saturday, June 1, and a number of definite offers of wall-spaces to be decorated, and of funds to bear the expenses, have already been secured. The circulars will be sent to anyone interested, on application to the Hon. Secretaries, Mural Decoration Committee, Crosby Hall, S.W.

Bartholomew Fair, with all its old-time sports and pastimes, booths and shows, will be among the attractions at the "Shakespeare's England" Exhibition at Earl's Court this summer, and Mr. Patrick Kirwan, the Master of the Revels and Manager of the Globe Theatre, who is organising it, has now practically completed his arrangements and secured all the artists he requires. The scenery surrounding the Earl's Court Bartholomew Fair will depict the sixteenth century Smithfield as it is represented in prints and other illustrations.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE REJECTION OF ARBITRATION.

THERE is general agreement that the amendments made by the Washington Senate to the proposed Arbitration Treaty between Great Britain and the United States are so drastic as to render ratification purposeless. Thus the dream of pacifists that a lasting state of universal tranquillity was in sight vanishes, as it were, in a single night. By reason of their common ties and sympathies it might have been expected that the two great nations of the Anglo-Saxon race were peculiarly fitted to inaugurate permanent machinery for the settlement of international disputes; yet no more unfortunate choice could have been made from among the Powers. The rigid lines upon which the foreign

policy of America is conducted are, in the main, responsible for the collapse of the Arbitration Treaty. To begin with, the Monroe Doctrine has become almost as sacred as the Constitution itself, and questions arising out of its application cannot therefore be submitted to international discussion. Then, largely with a view to avoiding complications with European Powers, it has always been a cardinal feature of American policy to shun alliances. One of the speakers, during the debate in the Senate, declared that the real object of the Arbitration Treaty was to pave the way for an alliance, offensive and defensive, between Great Britain and the United States. While a statement of this kind was palpably untrue, and therefore irrelevant, it is not inopportune to consider the possible effect of the Senate's action in the domain of what might be termed Higher Policy.

Close observers of events in the Far East have not been slow to realise that in this region is developing a situation not less menacing to peace than that existing in Europe, a situation in which America is destined to play a leading part. The Panama Canal will strengthen her position both commercially and strategically; but it will compel her to divide her naval strength between two oceans. Meanwhile Japan is building up a large navy which she can concentrate in the Pacific. It cannot be Russia whom she regards as her rival on the sea, for, in the nature of things, many years must elapse before that Power can station any considerable fleet in Far Eastern waters. America, then, sets the standard of Japan's naval armaments. America is to Japan what Germany is to England. It will be recalled that when there was an imminent prospect that a comprehensive treaty of arbitration might be concluded between England and the United States considerable doubt was expressed as to whether or not the alliance existing between England and Japan would conflict with such an instrument. Thereupon the Tokyo Government consented to a revision of the terms of the alliance so as to render it inoperative against any nation with which either of the signatories had contracted arbitration treaties. The action of the Washington Senate has, however, restored the Anglo-Japanese Alliance to its old form. Consequently it is possible to conceive circumstances in which Japan would call upon Great Britain to join her in taking the field against the United States. It may be objected that no Government in this country would respond, involving what must virtually amount to civil war between two branches of the Anglo-Saxon family. Nevertheless, the obligations of the alliance are clearly expressed and are, let it be emphasised, reciprocal.

Such a situation as that which I have described could not be averted without a deliberate denunciation of the treaty on our part; a procedure that would constitute a stain upon the honour of England. It was because responsible statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic feared complications of this kind that a decision was arrived at to conclude an arbitration treaty. When the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was originally arranged the

problems of the Pacific had not given rise to anxiety in America and in our Colonies. But the aggressive actions of Japan in the Far East, together with the immigration difficulties, revealed the fact that British policy was in conflict with Anglo-Saxon interests. General arbitration offered a satisfactory solution which was welcomed by our Colonies, and tended to the consolidation of the Empire. In destroying the treaty the Washington Senate has wrought far-reaching damage. Japan, already made aware of our real attitude in consequence of the revision of the Alliance, is frankly displeased. Then, doubtless as a result of the turn which events have taken, the Colonies will frame their naval policies with a view to meeting the situation in the Pacific—not, as they have hitherto done, with a realisation that the fate of the Empire as a whole was afloat in the North Sea. Again British foreign policy enters into conflict with Anglo-Saxon interests.

The Senate, in its desire to avoid international entanglements, has missed an opportunity of smoothing the path of international relations; for approval of the Arbitration Treaty would not only have served the cause of peace in a general sense, but would have removed from the Anglo-Japanese Alliance those clauses the mere existence of which produced constant irritation and the effect of which, in certain eventualities, might have been to plunge America and England into war. Already I have shown that the rigid character of American policy has wrecked the treaty. Other causes, however, contributed to the rejection, and these, it must be confessed, were of a nature such as to reveal in the majority of the Senators a lamentable lack of statesman-like qualities. Thus we are told that the Assembly, desirous of preserving its treaty-making prerogatives, held that these would be assailed were arbitration to be accepted on all issues arising between the two nations, and that Mr. Roosevelt's opposition to President Taft, and therefore to the treaty, exercised a considerable influence over the votes and Senators. Once more the utter futility of entrusting parish politicians with affairs of State is strikingly demonstrated. Apparently Little Englanders are not without their counterpart in Little Americans. But the incident is not altogether lacking in hopeful symptoms. The stabbing of the treaty was only accomplished as a result of the following narrow division: for, 42; against, 40. When two individuals stand in the way of a re-union of the great Anglo-Saxon race the ideal which it is sought to attain cannot be long deferred.

THE NAVAL ESTIMATES.

At the moment it would seem that all movements towards the attainment of peace among nations are in an unhappy state. No sooner is a practical step taken towards an understanding between Germany and England, than a deliberate campaign under authoritative auspices is begun in Berlin in order to pave the way for the official announcement of a programme of naval expansion, details concerning which have already been allowed to leak out in the customary semi-official form.

Great Britain's reply, and the only one that could have been made in the circumstances, is that if other Powers increase existing programmes then she will frame supplementary estimates "both for men and money." The methods pursued by Great Britain and Germany as a preliminary to establishing relations of enduring friendship are, to say the least, peculiar. While Admiralties decide to build ships it is becoming increasingly hard to find the right kind of men to man them, for both countries are afflicted with the growth of Socialism, the spirit of which is reflected in labour unrest.

MOTORING

DURING the first ten years or so of the history of the motor car as an important factor, actual and prospective, in the life of the world, it will be admitted that the French dominated the position. The belated efforts and clumsy productions of the British manufacturer were, if not legitimate matters for ridicule and contempt, at least ignorable from the point of view of serious competition. How fundamentally matters have changed is strikingly shown by a plebiscite recently undertaken by the well-known French journal, *La Vie Automobile*. Our Continental contemporary publishes a list of the names of the 6,700 cars owned by its readers, and compares them with those owned by them in 1909, when a similar plebiscite was carried out. An

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analysis of these lists shows that in 1909 the total number of British cars owned by the readers of the paper was 23; this year it is 218. The only makes represented in 1909 were the Daimler (23), the Napier (8), and the Austin (2). At present the numbers are, respectively, 102, 17, and 11. In addition to these the motoring readers of the French journal referred to now use the following British-made cars:—Rolls-Royce (37), Vauxhall (14), Sunbeam (12), Calthorpe (10), Argyll (8), and Arrol-Johnston (7). The significance of these figures, as indicating the sterling excellence of the modern British car, will be appreciated when one reflects that France is the home of the industry, and that it is well protected by tariff duties on imported productions. It should also be remembered that the British cars referred to above represent merely those used by the readers of one paper, who obviously constitute only a small section of the French motoring community.

Of the British cars mentioned above, the Vauxhall is one of the most enterprising. At present the company are building a number of cars for Russia, including five which are destined for the Russian War Office. It is interesting to note that the latter are ordered to be fitted with folding seats, and with tables to facilitate the study of maps. There are also other special fittings, such as sword baskets suited to military use. This business from Russia is no doubt the direct result of the remarkable success of the only Vauxhall entered for the Russian Reliability Trial of last autumn. Many inquiries, by the way, continue to be received by the Vauxhall Motor Co. for the booklet entitled "From the Baltic to the Black Sea," which graphically describes the performances of the car in that memorable contest.

At the present moment the motorists of the United Kingdom have ranged themselves—if one is to judge by the heated discussions proceeding in the organs devoted exclusively to motoring matters—into two hostile camps—the advocates respectively of the Royal Automobile Club and of the Automobile Association and Motor Union. The ostensible bone of contention, or, rather, *casus belli*, is, of course, the question as to whether the first-mentioned body is justified in inaugurating a system of "road guides" on lines similar to those of the A.A. "patrols," and this particular point is debated with considerable feeling by the partisans of the rival organisations. The motor papers are doing their best to pour oil on the troubled waters by advocating a conciliatory policy, i.e., a mutual arrangement whereby the patrols of the A.A. and M.U. shall recognise badges on the roads they attend to, and vice versa. This implies, of course, that the guides or patrols of the two bodies would have their respective spheres of operation defined so as to prevent overlapping and unnecessary duplication of duties. As the 250 or so A.A. patrols to whom the duty of "road protection" is assigned are obviously incapable of efficiently covering the whole of the ground, this suggestion seems a sensible one, and one calculated satisfactorily to solve the immediate difficulty. But unfortunately the course of events in recent years seems to suggest that the root of the

trouble between the two organisations lies much deeper than is indicated by the "road guide" matter, namely, in a deep-seated jealousy concerning influence and prosperity; and, assuming that this is so, any arrangement such as is indicated could only have a temporary value. It must be left to each motorist to consider what the two bodies have respectively done for his benefit, and which is the more deserving of his support in the present issue. In the meantime it is evident that the A.A. and M.U. has forfeited nothing of its popularity. During last month its ranks were augmented by no fewer than 650 new members, including three M.P.'s, namely, Sir Clement Lloyd Hill, K.C.M.G., Lieut.-Col. the Hon. B. Bathurst, and Mr. G. G. Wilson. The Rt. Hon. Lord Cranworth, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, and General Sir Herbert Plumer were also included in the list of new members.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE Stock Exchange resolutely declines to believe that the Coal Strike will last any length of time. It is supported in its view by the business that it is getting. There is no doubt that during the past week most of the brokers have been busy. Investment brokers have had quite an unusual number of orders, and the speculative portion of the public has caught on to the Tin gamble, with the result that almost every punter now has a few Nigerian Tin shares. Prices remain steady in almost every market. Men of business are firmly convinced that the Coal Strike cannot last. Apparently the only people who think that we are face to face with revolution are the newspaper men, who undoubtedly take the gloomiest view. The hysteria of our halfpenny Press is not catching; otherwise we should have seen a panic on the Stock Exchange, instead of which we have been happy in an extraordinary revival of business.

Promoters, however, appear nervous. They find that the public declines to subscribe for any new issues. With the exception of Maples, I cannot call to mind any new issue that has been over-subscribed during the past few weeks. It is true that Leach's Argentine Estates Preference issue was a success, for we are officially informed that the lists closed practically at the moment of opening. On the figures, these Preference shares would seem to be a 9 per cent. investment. The Debentures certainly are a very reasonable security of their class. It is also said that the Akwara Tin Trust was well supported. This company asked for £100,000 to be given to the directors, who do not appear, by the way, to be closely connected with Nigeria, in order that Mr. Henry Judd might purchase properties in Nigeria for resale to the public through the Akwara. Naturally, such a company must be a pure speculation. Mr. Judd is an honest man, and he will hardly acquire any concessions unless he thinks that they are worth prospecting. Personally, I view Nigeria and its tinfields with considerable suspicion. Serious-minded people who have been through these tinfields cast the gravest doubts upon their value. That there is tin in Nigeria we will all admit, but that there is sufficient to pay dividends on the inflated values gamblers have placed upon the shares seems to me impossible.

Alluvial tin mining is one of the most dangerous speculations a man can go into. There is nothing to go upon. Alluvial tin occurs in isolated patches, and whilst one yard may be very rich, the next yard may contain no tin at all. It is true that one or two of the companies have paid very good dividends, but it is doubtful whether these dividends have been distributed out of money earned on the fields or money made on the Stock Exchange. Up to the present there is no solid basis for the boom. It is said that large quantities of tin are being accumulated in Nigeria, and that they will be sent down as soon as the railway opens, with the idea of humbugging the public that this output can be kept up permanently. Those who know say that the first two or three months' output after the railway has opened cannot be taken as any criterion of the value of the field.

There are various new companies being prepared for the public. Lamport and Holt Debenture issue is in the hands of the Lord St. David's group, and has been eagerly underwritten. A big £700,000 company is to be established for the purpose of providing France with a system of cold storage, which, it is stated, she now lacks. The scheme is reported upon by M. Marcel Vacher, a director of the Bank of France, jointly with M. Andre Ripert, an authority on cold storage. The Oil Trust has a big New Zealand oil venture, and one or two other oil companies are being offered for underwriting, one with a capital of £2,000,000. But the public will have to change its mind if the promoters of these schemes are to turn them into successful ventures. The Cadbury Preference issue is, of course, gilt-edged, and will go amongst the shareholders.

MONEY.—There is no chance of the Bank Rate being reduced until the Coal Strike is settled. Indeed, this strike has had a considerable effect upon the Money Market. The open market rate is now practically the same as that of the Bank of England. The position of the Bank is, however, very strong. It completely controls Lombard Street. The position in Berlin is not good, and the settlement at the end of this month is looked forward to with a certain amount of anxiety. However, New York is financing Germany with great liberality, and as long as nothing happens in Wall Street, Germany will probably be able to scrape through. As there is now very little fear of any international complications, Paris will probably once again begin to lend freely to her neighbour, for there is a great deal more money in the French capital than the French financiers know what to do with. If the Coal Strike were to end suddenly we might get a 3 per cent. rate within the next fortnight; certainly during the first week in April, when the German squeeze should have passed away.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign Market has shown very little sign of movement during the week. Holders of Chinese securities were reassured by a statement that the Great Powers intended to finance the Republic, and would shortly issue a loan. At one time it looked as though we should see a veritable slump in all Chinese securities, but the very strong banking groups that support the Chinese issues have stood up manfully and stopped all selling by their bold attitude. The gamblers in the Peruvian Corporation are evidently trying to get out, and the Preference show a fall of two points, and are still, in my opinion, too high. It is curious to note the strength of Italians. They are very little dealt in in London, but whenever any come on the market they are at once purchased, it is said for the account of the Italian Government. Japanese have remained steady, in spite of a very discouraging article in the current number of the *Economist*. As everyone knows, the Japanese Government keep a large balance in London. They are always buyers of Treasury Bills. Although the Japanese balance of £37,000,000 is a great help to the London market, it is apparently gradually becoming a fictitious reserve, for the note issue in Japan is increasing rapidly. The Tokyo

Loan is to be paid into the account of the Government, and was really an attempt to keep up the gold reserve in London, where the money will remain, whilst the work for which it was borrowed will be paid for in notes. Japan cannot continue this financial policy. It is afraid to let down its reserves in London because its European credit depends upon them. At the same time, if it continues to issue bank notes in Japan, it will gradually find itself with a depreciated paper currency, which will do even more to destroy its credit than the loss of its gold reserve. The Tokyo loan was a desperate resource; but the £8,000,000 thus obtained will soon vanish, and the extravagant little country will then have to consider other ways of raising money.

HOME RAILS.—If there is one market that should have been completely pulverised by the Coal Strike it is that in Home Rails. Yet so determined is the optimism of the Stock Exchange that prices have hardly fallen at all. Great Easterns are down five points from the top. Great Northern Deferred, two points; Great Western, in spite of the bad dividend, are now quoted 118½ ex dividend, and their highest during the present year has been 122½. The Lancashire and Yorkshire shows a fall of three points; Midland Deferred are 71½ ex dividend, and the best they have been done at this year is 75½. North Easterns have fallen four points, and North Westerns at 134 ex dividend compare with 140½. Really, this slight depreciation is hardly worth talking about, especially when we remember that the highest prices of the year were cum dividend. Most of the lines are now attempting to save money by cutting down the number of their passenger trains. The South Eastern will probably lose very little by the strike, for at this season of the year nearly all its traffic is season ticket traffic. It has treated its season ticket holders very unkindly, although it has, no doubt, made money by doing this. Were the strike to continue, the mineral traffic, out of which most of the companies pay their dividend, would fall away tremendously, and in spite of the fact that all the leading lines yield 5 per cent., I am not inclined to advise a purchase until peace is declared.

YANKEES.—No one seems to expect any important business in Yankees. Morgans support their own particular and special favourites, but outside the Morgan interests the market is left to look after itself. It is difficult to say whether we shall get any immediate rise here. The chances are that we shall not. There is no speculative account open. Mexico North Westerns, which were boomed and puffed with the object, no doubt, of getting rid of stock, have been very flat, and a good many gamblers have been landed with a heavy loss. They will get no sympathy from me, for a gambler who buys puffed shares deserves any loss that may come to him.

RUBBER.—Rubber shares picked up, and it is said that there is a persistent demand for the raw material, and that some of the companies have sold the whole of their output for two years. The Pataling report was only moderately good, but it did not discourage the dealers. Batu Caves, another old-established company, made a somewhat better show. But here also there was nothing to encourage the speculator. Both reports show that it is becoming increasingly difficult to keep the working costs down, whilst the output from the older estates is now almost stationary.

OIL.—Oil shares have been firm. Probably because everyone is talking of the advantages of oil fuel. Shells soon recovered their fall, and the rights to the new shares are now selling at 4s. 3d., which is a very handsome little bonus. Ural Caspians have been a good market, and even the revolution in Mexico did not permanently depress Mexican Eagles. It looks very much as though we should get a fairly steady business in Oil shares. Red Seas are now quoted at 22s. 6d., and Egyptian Oil Trusts are 3½. Both look like going higher. General Petroleum of Trinidad is also a share that should be watched, and it is said that Lobitos will also be marked up.

EGYPT.—The Egyptian Market has been dull. It would seem as though the Zervudachi liquidation had not ended, in spite of all that the newspapers say. The system of putting shares up to auction and pretending to sell them keeps these liquidations hanging on a long time. There are still National Banks on offer, and although the price has recovered from the lowest, this market looks fairly weak. Some of the dealers are hopeful, but I confess that at the moment I think it would be wiser to wait and see how the Cairo settlement at the end of the month turns out.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.—This section of the Mining Market has been absolutely neglected. Prices have hardened a little simply because the dealers have bought a few shares back. But the public declines to have anything whatever to do with anything South African, and the magnates will have to wait some time before they can do any more unloading.

The Industrial Market has been fairly steady. Almost all the reports that come out show an improved business, and the general tendency is to buy good sound industrial shares showing a yield of 5 per cent. There are dozens of securities in this market that are very much undervalued, and I think that as soon as the Coal Strike has ended we shall get a general rise in values all through the list. The public do not quite realise that sound industrial is one of the best things they can put their money into. I am continually pointing out the advantage of investing in Electric Lighting shares. All the reports are now issued, and all are up to expectations.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"SPELING MAID EEZY."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In support of the thesis in your article this week entitled "Spelling and Sophistry," that the essence of a word is its spelling, not its sound, may I adduce the following facts? "Tea," pronounced "tee," is from the Chinese word "tcha." There is a dialect of Chinese on the coast whence it first was shipped which pronounces it "thay." The leaf was therefore called "te-a," a disyllable contracted into "tay." But people, seeing it written "tea," pronounced it "tee," because "ea" is so pronounced usually in English. The pronunciation is wrong, the written word is correct. Which should be preserved? Yours, etc. H.

SIR,—I thank you for the spais aloted tu this discusson, the ecselent foloing ov MSS., and the comendabl spirit manifested in yuer artick; aul indicaishonz ov advans upon the daiz ov 70 yearz ago, when Pitman and Ellis wer ridicueld. Thai shud be had in everlasting remembrans.

The "cannot-be-fasht" atitued which yu plaifully pled iz met with in every reform; and wer it tu sucseed wud rezult in stagnaishon and deth. Stil, reformerz must recogniez it, and not push materz too fast. The sceem which the S.S.S. haz put foerth shud be confiend tu scoolz, wher it iz moest needed. Along with it the sujested ruulz for provizshonal uez, az outliend in the S.S.S. booklet, miet be prest upon the atenshon ov rietertz and printerz. If this coers wer foloed for a fu yearz much progres wud be maid.

Yu hardly du justis tu the erly reformerz when yu sai, "Now for the first tiem the laiman iz in a pozishon tu estimait how much olteraishon iz nesesity tu bring our sistem tu compleet ueniformity." Ecscluding sistemz containing nu leterz, ther wer several oeld leter alfabetz launcht. Thoez bi Ellis, Fleay, Sweet, Jones, Evans,

Soames, Pitman, and uthertz, aul boer cloes rezemblans tu the S.S.S.'s plan. A fu yearz befoer hiz deth Sir Isaac Pitman develoept an Oeld-Leter sceem, preferabl in sertain respects tu that ov the S.S.S. Hiz method meets yuer objecshon tu "humor" being renderd "hyuemor." On the "yue" diegraf ther iz a consensus ov opinion that "yue" "must go." Further, Dr. Sweet, with the countenans ov the Filolojical Sosiety, dru up an ecselent list ov amended spelingz 32 yearz ago. The S.S.S. shud revieu it.

I imajin yu oeverrait the dificulty in uezing "z" tu pluraliez voist consoenants. Ther iz comparativ eez and considerabl gain bi the innoevaishon. If leterz ar tu reprezent soundz—thair priemary object—whi shud "z" not be uezd when it iz the best leter tu discharj this ofis for voist emanaishonz? It iz az reezonabl tu sujest that aul consoenants be voist and nun unvoist; aul distineshonz to be void.

We cannot conseev ov a wurd without a sound, and if its voecability iz not its vietal fors, whi trubl tu hav soundz atacht tu leterz? Anything wud du. Iz it analogus tu siet def muets? Sound iz beyond thair pael; but thoez poezest ov speech shud not be deprieved ov the servises ov the servants ov sound, nor shud soundz be robd ov simbolz bairing recogniez valuez. Whielst it iz tru leterz wer simbolz ov ideaz that no longer obtain, thai cannot and du not perform that dual capacity now.

Whether the prezent outwerd form ov a wurd iz the truest and best for indicaiting its history iz denied bi the hiest authoritz on filolojy. Even if this testimony wer not given, how can it be held that our particuler orthografy—the wurk ov ignorans, chans, and pedantry—iz the moest perfect for this ofis, when its elements and history are ov the moest unstailbl caracer? Niether the leterz, nor the actual formz, can boest ov long lief. Supoezing "j," "u," and "w" had remaind without the pael ov the alfabet, and the simbolz for the "ith" and "th" soundz had been retaind, how wud the form ov wurdz—spelt acording tu thoez chainjez—afect thair history? It cud not, acording tu surmiezez, be the saim az now, therfoer this historical plee iz week and incorect. The hoel thing, so far az simbolz ar concernd, haz been a mater ov chans. Tu maik a further chainj in the orthografic formz wud *ad tu thair pedigree*. If history iz an iedol wurthy ov wurship, then tu ad tu it must increes the valu ov the iedolatri, which wurshiperz ov iedolz aut tu encuraij.

I regret if I hav dun Mr. Allen an injustis. I hav not THE ACADEMY containing hiz alfabet bi me, oenly noets ov it giving æh (a ligatuer), 8 (th), t3 (ch) (az nuemeralz), ð (a diacritic). If I hav rongly copid thoez caracerz I apolojiez. I think I remember Mr. Allen *discovering* "nuemeralz" did not maik good italics! Wher did I get this from?

When I said I enjoid Shakespear in *eny garb*, I afirmd whot I beleevd and hav ecspeerienst. Az Mr. Lange iz not dispoezd tu disput the plezhur I deriev from a fonotific reprezentaishon ov the poet, it foloez that buety and rithm iz not confiend tu the curent leterz. An important point gaind.

Az Shakespear cud reed hiz oen *variant forms*, I imajin he wud not be wun whit behiend me in reeding a foenetic rendering ov hiz rietingz. At eny rait, a fu minits wud sufies tu coech him, unles hiz miety miend, on reviziting us after the ecspeeriens ov too wurldz, had lost its nimbelnes. Az the poet's orthografy woz fairly foenetic and I had a noelej ov the puerz ov the noetaishon curent in hiz dai, whot shud prevent me understanding him? Iz not this wun ov the ofises ov a foenetic alfabet?

Literatuer iz simboliezaishon huemaniezd and maid fit for uez; and if this simboliezaishon iz ov a foenetic caracer it haz aul the virtuez ov an illojical sistem and *nun ov its faults*. Ded tiep iz not literatuer. It is the emoeshonz in moeshon which giv a charm tu printed mater.

The redundant letter which fascinates Mr. Lange is not received orally, nor by reporter, nor by Mr. Lange when he is reading his shorthand notes. Else, why riet foenetic shorthand? Mr. Lange proovz too much.

What Germany has done by amending her spelling may and should be attempted and done by England. Mr. Lange cannot deny this. Germany is not alone in her orthographic modifications; nor should the work of Sir W. Jones in the East be forgotten.

I observe Mr. Lange does not attempt to maintain his cwoetaishon from Grant White, nor does he refuse to state on fact that fonographic matter has passed between fonographer for seventy-five years without the slightest duebiety, esploedz the contension that a foenetic noetaishon would obliterate meaning, history, rhythm and poetry, sentiments and arguments beyond the range of facts, espeeriens and reezon.

Finally, may I appeal to your readers to read Dr. A. J. Ellis' "Plea for Phonetic Spelling"; Max Müller's "Spelling," incorporated in his "Chips from my Workshop"; Prof. Skeat's "Principles of English Etymology"; Dr. Sweet's "Handbook of Phonetics"; Prof. Loundsbury's "English Spelling and Spelling Reform"; the publication of the Simplified Spelling Society, including its nu organ, "The Pioneer," and the "Bulletin," and booklets of the S.S. Board; and to look upon this question more in the interests of education and less from sentiment?

With gratitude to THE ACADEMY until it opens its columns again to us.—Yuerz, etc. H. DRUMMOND.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—We read with interest your wish to communicate that our extensive dhan we can be spiking. This is a word of a counterpart, or should be, of what we would see if we spoke. Harmony between spoken and written word is good: and dissimilarity between the two is a loss. In offering an appeal or asking may we to a railwe steishon ai du not wish to communicate a history of mai wúrdz. Full dún dhis wud bi sou komplikeit dhat ai shud never kac mai trein. Similarly in raising we communicate aidiaz, not history. If wún raits dhi wúrd nation, sou belúvd bai oponients ov fonnetik spelling, dhi ritn wúrd livz unexpleind dhi yusful, nesereri and úp-tu-deit fakt dhat its pronounsieishon haz ceinj and iz nau neishon. Dhat iz dhi moust yusful fakt ov aol; dhi wún kardinal esenshal fakt omited! Hau pathetik tu lisen tu an ún-letered person traing tu prounauns dhi l in should. If tudei we wir tu ceinj dhi spelling ov nation tu naishon or neishon, dhen tumorou dhis ceinj wud bi an etimolojikal historikal fakt. Dhouz hu plid for ould historikal formz are rili enimiz ov histori, dhat iz ov modern and yusful histori.

At earnestly hope dhat dhi Simplifaid Speling Sousaieti wil widhdrao dheir present skim and sústitiut a truer wún. Oe for sound in hoem and aol sou poet feilz miserabli. Ounli a person wel aqueinted widh English wud nou dhat eo in hoem woz prounaunst houm bú in poet pouet. When we ceinj let ús do beter dhan dhat.

SIDNI BOND.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED., ACADEMY.]

THE PRONUNCIATION OF LATIN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—May I be permitted to call attention to an error in the letter of Professor Strong relating to the pronunciation of Latin in your issue of March 2nd? It is not true that the Classical Association insists on the observance of "hidden quantities" in Latin. In the Report of the Committee on the Spelling and Printing of Latin Texts, adopted by the Association in 1906, it is laid down that "in texts of Latin authors intended for beginners the quantity of long vowels be marked, except in syllables where they would be also long by position." The matter

was further discussed at the recent General Meeting of the Association on January 9th, at King's College, London, but no further pronouncement of the Association was made on the subject.

E. A. SONNENSCHNEIN.

(Vice-President and late Hon. Sec. of the Classical Association).

The University,
Birmingham.

GEORGE VILLIERS AND BILBOA.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The Genuine Works of His Grace George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (Glasgow: Printed by Robert Urie, 1752) is a very interesting volume, beginning with "The Rehearsal." In the introduction, headed "The Publisher to the Reader," one finds (page X): "But what was so ready for the stage, and so near being acted, at the breaking out of that terrible sickness (i.e., the Great Plague), was very different from what hath since appeared in print. In that, he called his poet Bilboa; by which name the town generally understood Sir Robert Howard to be the person pointed at; besides there were very few of this new sort of plays then extant, except these before mentioned; and more, than were in being, could not be ridiculed. The acting of this farce being thus hindered, it was laid by for several years, and came not on the public theatre, till the year 1671. During this interval, many great plays came forth, written in heroic rhyme, and, on the death of Sir William D'Avenant, 1669, Mr. Dryden, a new laureate, appeared on the stage, much admired, and highly applauded; which moved the duke to change the name of his poet from Bilboa to Bayes, whose works you will find often mentioned in the following Notes." Have the "Notes" of any later commentator explained why the Duke chose Bilboa (the Bilbo of Shakespere and the Basks, now Bilbao since about 1825), the capital of Biscay (which is mentioned on page 269 of this very book), as the name of his first actor? The bay-leaves of the Laureates crown perhaps explain Bayes, which heads the list of "The Actors Names" on page 13. But, if there was any motive for associating him with Biscaya, it is perhaps not too fanciful to see in lines 9-11 of page 18: "Bayes: Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy: this is my book of Drama Common-places; the mother of many other plays." a reminder of the fact that in the Biscayan language, which Sir Thomas Browne,* of Norwich, was studying at that very time, Bai and Bay mean Yes, and Es means No. Was it an allusion to any marked wavering in Drydens views and opinions? Bayes begins his utterances in the dialog of The Rehearsal with Ay 28 times, with Nay 7, with Yes 14, with No 17; and in many other places with such affirmatives as Right, Well, Why, So.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

* See THE ACADEMY, February 8, 1908, p. 448.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- An Actor's Hamlet. By Louis Calvert. Edited by Metcalfe Wood. Mills and Boon. 2s. 6d. net.
- Canadian Trails: Hither and Thither in the Great Dominion. By Eldred G. F. Walker ("North Somerset"). Illustrated. J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 1s. net.
- The Pigeon: A Fantasy in Three Acts. By John Galsworthy. Duckworth and Co. 1s. 6d. net.
- The Future of Poetry: An Essay. By F. P. B. Osmonston. Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.
- Ruins of Desert Cathay: Personal Narrative of Explorations in Central Asia and Westernmost China. By M. Aurel Stein. Two Vols: Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 42s. net.

- Hegel's Charlatanism Exposed.* By M. Kelly, M.A., M.D. George Allen and Co. 2s. 6d.
- Of the Emancipation of Women.* By Caroline A. Eccles. A. C. Fifield. 3d. net.
- Democracy and the Control of Foreign Affairs.* By Arthur Ponsonby, M.P. A. C. Fifield. 3d. net.
- "What is my Country? My Country is the Empire. Canada is my Home."* Impressions of Canada and the New North-West. By Percy Machell, C.M.G. Sifton, Praed and Co. 3d.
- An Actor's Notebook: Being Some Memories, Friendships, Criticisms, and Experiences.* By Frank Archer. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 7s. 6d. net.
- The Classic Point of View: A Critical Study of Paintings.* By Kenyon Cox. Illustrated. T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.
- The True Temper of Empire, with Corollary Essays.* By Sir Charles Bruce, G.C.M.G. Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.
- National Insurance.* By A. S. Comyns Carr, W. H. Stuart Garnett, and J. H. Taylor, M.A. With a Preface by the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P. Macmillan and Co. 6s. net.
- Proceedings of the Hellenic Travellers' Club, 1911.* Horace Marshall and Son.
- Waves and Ripples in Water, Air, and Æther: A Course of Christmas Lectures Delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain.* By J. A. Fleming, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S. Illustrated. Second Edition Revised. The S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d. net.
- Involution.* By Lord Ernest Hamilton. Mills and Boon. 7s. 6d. net.
- The Unvarying East: Modern Scenes and Ancient Scriptures.* By the Rev. E. J. Hardy, M.A. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.
- A Guide to Books on Ireland. Part I. Prose Literature, Poetry, Music, and Plays.* Edited by Stephen J. Brown, S.J. Hodges, Figgis and Co., Dublin, and Longmans, Green and Co. 6s. net.
- On the Laws of Japanese Painting: An Introduction to the Study of the Art of Japan.* By Henry P. Bowie. With Prefatory Remarks by Iwaya Sazanami and Hirai Kinza. Illustrated. Paul Elder and Co., San Francisco. \$3 50c.

FICTION.

- The Three Envelopes.* By Hamilton Drummond. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
- Veni the Master: "The Story of a Dream."* By Richard Fifield Lamport. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
- Felix Christie.* By Peggy Webling. Methuen and Co. 6s.
- The Turning Wheel: a Story of the Charn Hall Inheritance.* By Dick Donovan. F. V. White and Co. 6s.
- The Unknown Steersman.* By Irene Burn. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
- The Room in the Tower, and Other Stories.* By E. F. Benson. Mills and Boon. 6s.
- The Unbeliever: a Romance of Lourdes.* By a Non-Catholic (A. K.). Illustrated. R. and T. Washbourne. 3s. 6d.
- Their Wedded Wife.* By Alice M. Diehl. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
- The Woman-Hunter.* By Arabella Kenealy. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
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VERSE.

- The Chime of All Hallows, and Other Poems.* By L'Espérance. Kegan Paul and Co. 2s. 6d. net.
- Lays of London Town.* By W. A. Eaton. Marlborough and Co. 1s. net.

- The Angel at the Loom: A Book of Verse.* By Helen Agnes Green and Home Strange. The Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1s.
- Verses.* By W. B. Cotton. Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.
- The Search for Semperswig, and Other Poems Old and New.* By Harry B. Hermon-Hodge. Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.
- Fires, Book I: The Stone, and Other Tales.* By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.
- Arcana Cordis. Sonnets* by Conrad M. R. Bonacina. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 1s. net.
- Love, Truth, and Other Poems.* By Clifford Cartwright. Elliot Stock. 4s. net.
- Discords.* By Donald Evans. Brown Brothers, Philadelphia.
- Songs of Town and Country.* By Herbert E. A. Furst. Gowans and Gray.
- The N.F.C.T. Book of Sonnets.* Edited by W. B. Steer. "Oakcroft," Kedleston Road, Derby. 7d. post free.
- Daffodils and Lyrics.* By Lucy F. Cocks. Sherratt and Hughes. 2s. 6d. net.
- The New Life: a National Tract.* A Private Imprint made in the Tenth Year of the Australian Commonwealth.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- Ancient India.* By S. Krishnaswami Aiyangar, M.A. With an Introduction by Vincent A. Smith, M.A., I.C.S. (retired). Luzac and Co. 6s. net.
- A History of the British Constitution.* By J. Howard B. Masterman. Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.
- Garrard's 1721-1911, Crown Jewellers and Goldsmiths during Six Reigns and in Three Centuries.* Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.
- The Midsummer of Italian Art.* By Frank Preston Stearns. Illustrated. T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.
- County Churches: Cornwall.* By J. Charles Cox, LL.D., F.S.A. Illustrated. George Allen and Co. 2s. 6d. net.
- The Personal Calendar: A Monthly Index to Political, Official, and Social Changes.* E. Mansfield and Co. 6d.
- Co-operation and Nationality: A Guide for Rural Reformers from this to the Next Generation.* By George W. Russell. (Æ.) Maunsell and Co., Dublin. 1s. net.
- A Cosmopolitan Actor: David Garrick and his French Friends.* By Frank A. Hedgcock. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.
- The Settlement of Normandy.* By G. F. B. de Gruchy. Jaques and Son, for the Jersey Society in London. 1s. net.
- The Tudor Drama: A History of English National Drama to the Retirement of Shakespeare.* Illustrated. By C. F. Tucker Brooke, B.Litt. (Oxon). Constable and Co. 6s. net.
- China.* By Sir Robert K. Douglas. Fourth Edition, brought up to date by Ian C. Hannah. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

PERIODICALS.

- The Hindustan Review, Allahabad; The Collegian, Calcutta; The Publishers' Circular; The Cornhill Magazine; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Revue Bleue; Mount Tom; The Fortnightly Review; Bookseller; La Revue; Mercure de France; St. Nicholas; Good Health; Rationalist Press Association Report, 1911; Windsor Magazine; Official Year-Book of the Church of England, 1912; Golden Sunbeams; Dawn of Day; Our Empire; Nineteenth Century and After; Educational Times; Modern Language Teaching; Blackwood's Magazine; School World; Ulula; English Review; Bodleian; Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay; Empire Review; University Correspondent; Book Monthly.*

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